

DISORDER



SKINNY PUPPY



with special guests TANKHOG

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DISORDER

DECEMBER 1990 - ISSUE #95

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COVER

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Life With The Family Ennoye

(From the Files of T.D. Vladimira, Biographer)

ENNOYE - A large, vociferously opinionated group or family given to writing a bi-monthly column attacking friend or foe, or suddenly siding with the same. This group divides and sub-divides frequently, due mostly to unwise marriages and "lost" wills. Common phrases: "Bloody hell, I've lost my pipe!" and "This wine is corked!! I demand a substitution!! Waiter!"

At the Commodore I heard you talking, my dear draggle-haired friends of the earth. I hope you DON'T all get on that covered band-wagon en route to South America, we need you here. But not really, to rescue green and blue things from evil industry, no, no, no. Something you CAN do now. When your noble ancestors the 1960s Draggle-Hairs fought their very vocal placard-carrying war against destructive corrupting corporations and dirty-dealing polluting industries, they too supported the most destructive dirty great business structure of all, The Drug Empire. But then, hippies always were messy thinkers. Marijuana, mysticism, and sharp reasoning just don't mesh somehow.

New idealists, had habits in Vancouver will get you well before lack of oxygen in Brazil will.

"But wait! Hippies aren't the only ones buying drugs! What about those tacky rich coke-smiling yuppies?" Oddly you should bring that up, bringing up baby and designer-recreational "treats" and shopping don't leave them much time for saving the planet. Look! Over there! Enraged shaking yuppie couple return from walkies in the park fresh from just-in-time spying their near two-year-old hobby wobble-banding in that geeky kind of way to pick up the shiny thing in the grass (which in fact turned out to be hypodermic oh boy, right again, what goes around karma-round) And in ensuing panic of faint-and-grab dance with acquisitive greedy child won't give over to frantic flapping hands of two adults slippery with fears, all that. And no one got pricked after all. They checked for holes.

Yes they passed by on the way to their new car, oh they were angry, yes! But they will forget that connection between what baby finds and what they do at their next expensive party.

See why Vancouver needs you new idealists? You're going vegetarian, recycling, stopping benefits, growing hair, great hair. Save your city, show everyone you're bored of those boring drug stories, aimless drug activities, waste of money in an expense of boring shame, in the dull dull dull company of countless losers who want you down down down where they are so your zero - their zero.

-C.F. Lawrence Annoye

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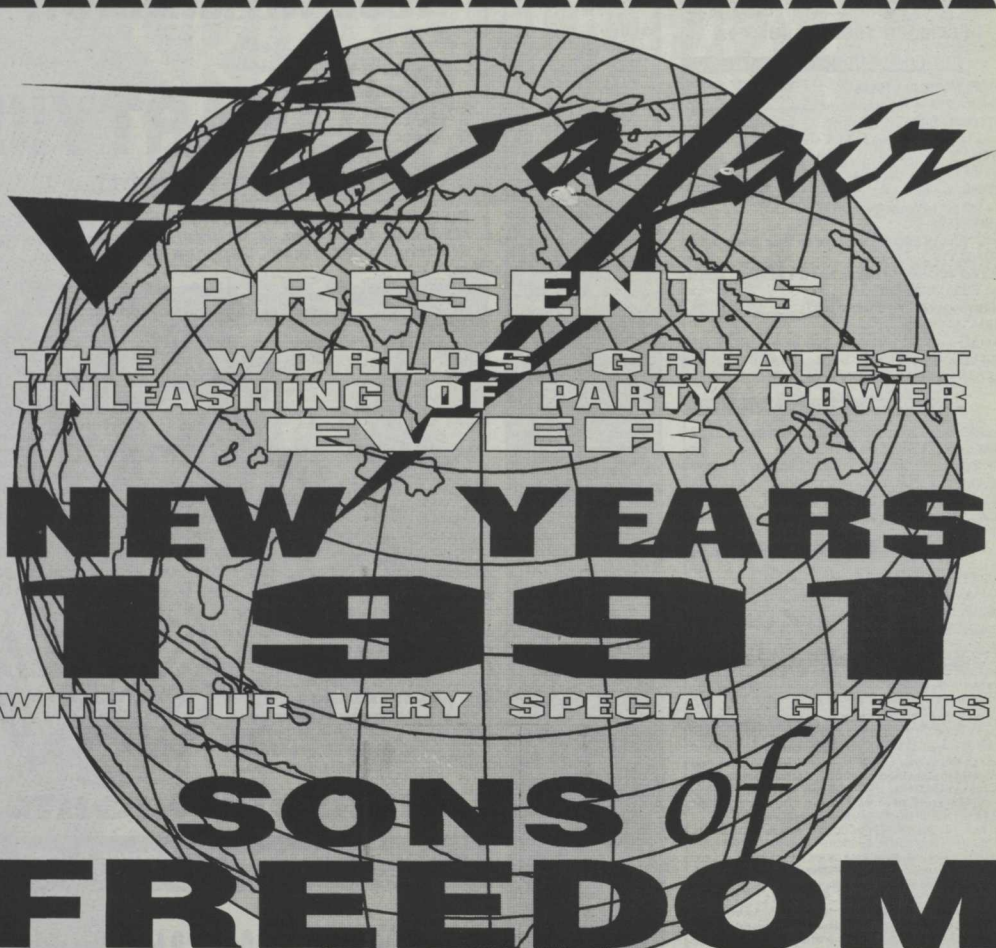
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THAT'S SIC! ALL LETTERS PRINTED AS RECEIVED.

Dear Airhead:
Unqualified freedom of expression is a difficult concept for anyone to accept. I often catch myself asking who gave the KKK permission to have a parade, or who allows advertisers to publish "half truths" about their products. In our society one can not turn around without finding something that is alien and out of ones understanding. When people are

confronted with something that they do not understand they are afraid. They feel it could threaten their way of life, and they must protect themselves from it. I think it is obvious that alot of the hatred and mistrust in our world is a product of this fear. It is a natural defence mechanism that preserves our own identities.

It seems clear (to me anyway) that if a person could be shown

that what they don't understand is not a threat directed at their version of reality, but in many cases something that could enhance or enlighten it, I feel that much of the fear would disappear.

But this is where the problem is. Our society does not care about something that has not happened yet. We did not start worrying about our environment until it's destruction became an eminent threat. We do not worry about rebellious children until they become criminals. And when they do, we don't really worry why, we just get rid of them. I believe that most of our problems can not be solved with band-aid solutions after the fact. And following the same line of thought, I do not believe that restricting the expression of groups or organizations that already exist in our world will make them go away, or even limit their ability to thrive.

Education and openness is the only solution. The KKK gets it's new recruits because it is shrouded in mystery. Outsiders don't understand what it really stands for and there is always a percentage of people who are attracted to this. If you want to protect your children from this, don't hide them from it because they will find out about it without your help and they might not hear the whole story.

The only hope is uncensored education. I believe that if a child is shown the whole story they can be trusted to make rational deci-

sions without being handicapped by ignorance. Anyone can tell a lie if they know without a doubt what the truth is.

Censorship hides both truths and lies, and people (especially children) are always searching for the unknown and hidden. If their education is restricted, the chances are they will not know the truths from the lies when they find them.

Murray Acton
that cretin from the
Dayglo Abortions

By now, dear Reader, you've no doubt heard of Fringe Records' acquittal in the infamous Dayglo's obscenity trial. A victory for freedom of speech and expression... for now. We hear The Crown is considering an appeal. Perhaps the real obscenity here is making taxpayers, regardless of their stand on this issue, foot the bill.

Dear Airhead:

In regards to Angie Finley's off-hand remark about the Commodore playing tunes by the Scorpions and Lee Aaron and "other shitty bands" before the October 8 Danzig show: come on, Ange—lighten up, will ya? Maybe Lee Aaron is a shitty band, but what about the Scorpions? They're ace! just because they're mainstream doesn't mean they suck the biggie.

Steve Newton

(P.S.: Please don't start a hate club for me like you did for Alex Vandy. A love club might be nice, though.)

After what happened last time, you think I'm touching this one with a ten-foot pole?

Dear Airhead,

Where the hell is my Social-ist Turtle? For once, a comic strip to change lives! Alter perceptions! Erradicate hypocrites! I only pray that this cartoonist is on vacation and not permanently retired.

But woe to thee at CITR if he's been and because your karma will slide down, down like goose poop on a hill in the rain. Bring him back and let us thrive on his universal truths.

We love you, S.T., we love you. Liess

Colin Upson replies: "Gee, sorry about that! Don't blame DIS-CORDER/CITR; it was all my decision to end the comic. You can pick up the new issue of my very own comic book *Big Thing in January*." Colin has signed a lucrative contract with Fantagraphics Books which means he doesn't have any time for poor ole us anymore. He's also part of a group show on now at A Walk In... Gallery, 976 Denman. Should we expect a "Capitalist Turtle" sometime soon?

Dear Airhead:

So I happened to be at the Railway on November 5, and I couldn't help but see one of Supercollider's post show comments from one very problemed judge regarding their dancer.

Your remark about stuups and silicone shots was in extremely poor taste, disgusting, and did I mention off topic?

And another thing, cutting a band off in the middle of their set isn't very nice either. OK, they were late, but everything was over at 1:30 anyway.

Come on, is Shindig truly the serious search for safe alternative music it claims to be the gong show or perhaps a forum for frustrated unprofessional judges? SEL.

Shindig DOESN'T claim to be "the serious search for safe alternative music." All we want to do is give local bands a chance to play (and maybe even record) and hear some cool music, whatever that is. Bands are judged on (in order of importance): originality, musical ability, stage presence, audience reaction. Yes, our judges are unprofessional (which means anyone can be one, even you). And yes, sometimes flippant comments meant to be tongue in cheek land a little off base. As far as "cutting a band off," Shindig has a few ground rules to everybody gets a fair shake: each band is allowed a 30 minute set and each band is expected to be ready to go at their prearranged start time. Is that so much to ask? Well aware of these rules/terms, Supercollider chose to arrive late. Afterwards, one band member remarked that they had intended to keep playing until they were yanked anyhow. See you next Monday.

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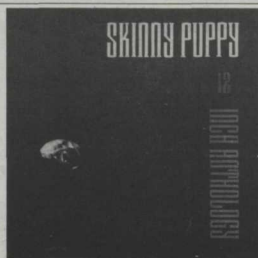


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George "Discorder" Anderson:

Discorder: Vancouver! Roy "Wildman" Mof: When I think of Vancouver and I may be wrong, I think of eagles, sea breezes, a civilized nation of people without any repressive anti-obscenity laws obviously, socialized medicine, where the biggest struggle seems to be whether Quebec wants to stay in Canada. God forbid, we [in the United States] should have problems as small as that. The biggest issue is "OK, I can't leave my apartment. What can I do to keep from gettin' killed?" and it gets worse everyday. I mean... you can count on being assaulted if you walk three blocks from your home. You'd better have one of those pungil sticks (????-ed.) or one of those Korean style weapons.

Discorder: Have you ever been trapped in an elevator during a blackout? Or anything like that? **Roy Mof:** No, you don't understand. You see, the machinery is all workin', it's just what the machinery is doin' is the problem—Skinnny "no middle nickname" John: They're stokin' up the reactor with double strength nuclear fuel this month, so the lights won't go out. Really, this is true, they're like way beyond the requirements of the reactor. They're putting in this fuel and they're not removing any of the old fuel and they're putting it in a swimming pool next to the reactor core in a way totally unproscribed by law.

Discorder: Was the rock band the Reverb Motherfuckers at one time the Cheetha Chrome Motherfuckers? **Skinnny John Mof:** The Cheetha Chrome Motherfuckers, well, actually we're the Reverb Motherfuckers and the Cheetha Chrome Motherfuckers. We were played on the radio in Italy and they loved Cheetha Chrome Motherfuckers and they loved us, and that's how they got their name. Really. That's what I understand at least, and that's what they told me and that's what Cheetha told me.

Discorder: Does induction into the New York Scum Rock Scene mean immediately a date with the Lunachicks or Da Willys or anything like that? **Skinnny John Mof:** It means to me you know being the kind guy I am, it's better to be friends with people

and have relations with people and I have relations, you know, in a friend-type way with the Lunachicks and those people. A date incurs all the romantic and mental underpinnings. I can deal with the band and I can deal with a lot of things, but I can't deal with women (laughs).

Discorder: Were the Lunachicks a hot band from the very beginning? Did the Reverb Motherfuckers start at the same time as the Lunachicks? **Skinnny John Mof:** The Lunachicks started after us. They were good. I mean, they came up. I mean, the one thing about them is that they work real hard. They started out and they are good and they work real hard, they've been rehearsing 'an' practicin' and the last time I saw them, they were devastatin'. Have they been out there? You guys should wait with balled breath because when they come out there everyone's gonna have to wear some butt pads to prevent bruising, because they'll be kickin' some!

Discorder: You know what Vancouver is famous for? Do you know any rock and roll from Vancouver? **Skinnny John Mof:** My cousin lives there (laughs). I'm from Canada.

Discorder: You're a Canadian? **Skinnny John Mof:** I am a Canadian.

Discorder: And you don't know any Canadian bands. You know some perennial Vancouver bands: Skinnny Puppy is from Vancouver. DQA is from Vancouver. They used to have Chuck Biscuits in it. **Skinnny John Mof:** Oh wow.

Discorder: You know Chuck Biscuits, the legendary Chuck Biscuits. H e ' s hanging around New York, isn't he?

Roy Mof: Well, I don't know, you see you have to understand, you know, the Scum Rock people are all pretty good friends 'cause we couldn't get any shows so we'd have shows together sometimes in each others' apartments and stuff. But a lot of people like Chuck Biscuits, I think he's further up the scale; he's invited to the big parties. We're only invited to the parties where we have to bring our own beer.

Discorder: Are there any crack houses in New York? **Skinnny John Mof:** The thing is, here in New York, the apartment situation is so bad, there's crack but no houses. It's sold on the street and you have to get into a cab or a Winnebago to something. You have to rent a Winnebago to do your drugs.

Discorder: RMF, Reverb Mother F-ers, Reverb Mofos, Reverb Mothers, etc.: what incarnations or spellings of your name may reveal the true content of the Reverb Motherfuckers? **Skinnny John Mof:** (laughs) I don't know. They call us the Reverb Mofos. I can understand because some people—we actually had records returned from radio stations from here in the States who refuse to even have our record in their offices, because they felt like people are going to get on the air and say

Chewin' up the phone line with the new B-Hole-Surfers-Can't-Say-this-on-Radio band by George

Wow! I says to myself, George

Anderson, new and vital member of CITR and soon-to-be contributor to *Discorder*. I'm

speaking with one of the kings of the New York Scum

Rock scene, the Reverb

Motherfuckers! Not only do they kick some major butt on

vinyl (check out their *Route 666* album and their latest *The*

Twelve Swinging Signs of the Zodiac), but their live shows

getting written up repeatedly in the *Village Voice* has got to

mean something, no?—especially when the VV tells you

"to wear something plastic—easier to wipe off when the barbecue sauce flies" (27

June '89)! I hear they're personable and articulate,

friendly even, and they have New York accents! But, you

know, it's really amazing, 'cause when I finally pick up

the phone that rainy Vancouver afternoon, it's as if

we're on the same wavelength or something, 'cause all I had

to do was mention where I was from, and Roy "Wildman"

Edroso, who sings and plays guitar and bass, jumps right

in, you know?

something. Here in the United States people are terrified of saying anything. Everything is put out at eight year-olds and our records aren't being aimed at eight year-olds. A name like that on the record cover, I would assume an eight year-old who saw it would know it wasn't for him and he would go over to get a record in the Chipmunks section. So Reverb Mofos, that kinda stuff I don't mind that if people have to do that. I'd rather they do that and just play the music and let it just stand for itself but I feel bad for them. It's horri-fyin' here. There are stations just waitin' for someone to say "motherfucker," so they can kick them off the air. It's unbelievable.

Discorder: Is your motto "Fuck that weak shit"? **Skinnny John Mof:** No, that's not our motto. "Fuck that weak shit" is Rave Records' motto; don't pin that on us. Our motto is "E Pluribus Maximum" (laughs). In beer we trust (laughs).

Discorder: When Rave Records says "Fuck that weak shit," what do you think they're trying to talk about? Who exemplifies "weak shit"? **Skinnny John Mof:** I would say Tears for Fears, perhaps Depeche Mode. I wouldn't mention the Smiths because they're less weak than some bands. You know the ones I'm talking about, a lot of synthesizers, perhaps Madonna would come into that realm of synthesizers that sound like crickets as opposed to bands that go out there like the Lunachicks or us or Da Willys or Bloodsister whom you may or may not have heard of before. Bloodsister really kicks some butt. They're playing real rock 'n' roll, they're playin' from the heart. We're not playin' 'cause we're makin' money or 'cause the big buck. We're doin' it 'cause we want to do it; it comes from the soul.

Discorder: What about bands like L7 and Dick-less? **Skinnny John Mof:** We met L7.

Discorder: Are they Scum Rock or are they more Sub P o p Thrash? **Skinnny John Mof:** I don't know them that much but the thing is like anybody who wants to be Scum Rock is welcome to. Everybody is welcome under the term Scum Rock. My feeling we're hearing about bands all over the country who are turning into Scum Rock, even some in England now. Some Scum Rock bands are popping up in England. It's a resurgence of rock 'n' roll. Its values of having fun and not being so pretentious, laughin' a little and—speaking of laughing, I'm gonna hand you over to Andy Mama Mia who hails from Anchorage, Alaska. He's our drummer.

Discorder: Hi there, Alaskan Reverb Motherfucker. When you say the Reverb Motherfuckers are from New York, who is the manager these days? **Andy "Bigfoot" Malm:** I think no one knows right now. It's hard to tell. The audience gets worked up and it's sort of like a barrage of legs, arms and various other limbs. It's hard to differentiate one person from the crowd.

Discorder: What would be a typical gig goer? **Andy Mof:** It depends on the climate. If it's

really hot, they take off their shirts and sweat together, y'know. If it's not too hot, people just wear black. Black is the basic attire.

Discorder: Your other band members mentioned you've been mixed up with some really weird bands that you didn't really want to play with. What other strange mixings have you had? **Andy Mof:** This is directed to me personally?

Discorder: Yeah. **Andy Mof:** I play guitar with various other people. I hook up one guitar and put on this one string and just hit it, you know, 'cause they break all the other strings and can't afford the other five and just play the E and A string. The people I play with don't have a name we just get together and play. We just jam. Roy and I used to play in the Shaved Pigs for awhile.

Discorder: Were they a fine rock 'n' roll combo from New York? **Andy Mof:** Yeah, it's kind of hardcore when hardcore was still happening. We did a couple of European tours. Intense hardcore.

Discorder: Do you guys actually have Fender Twin Reverb amps? **Andy Mof:** Yeah. Actually, I think they're hand-made ones.

Discorder: Can bands on the East Coast survive like that, staying there the whole time? **Andy Mof:** Yeah, because usually bands on the East Coast get to go to Europe. But we're strictly New York based, around this area, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut.

Discorder: What are the top three places the Reverb Motherfuckers recommend to someone for a taste of the Big Apple? **Andy Mof:** The Russian Tea Room, Lower East Side, any place to get inspiration you might get mugged.

Discorder: Have you ever been mugged? **Andy Mof:** No, actually, Ninety-five percent of the people I know have been mugged (laughs).



BY TOM MILNE

I first heard of Gas Huffer in Seattle's *Backlash*; curious about their sound, I bought the "Firebug"/"Jesus Was My Only Friend" single. This soon grew to be a favourite of mine, so I was pleased to finally get a chance to meet bassist Don, drummer Joe, guitarist Tom and vocalist Matt. Tom was previously in the U-MEN but he doesn't like it when people focus on that so I won't mention it.

What releases do you have on vinyl?

D: "Firebug"/"Jesus Was My Only Friend" single on Black Label records; a song on *Dope, Guns, and Fucking in the Streets, Volume V* on Amphetamine Reptile; a song on *Puget Power Volume Two*; a split single with the Fast-backs; *Riot House*; *Estrus Lunchbox* compilation; and possibly a song on the upcoming *Toriyaki Asthma, Volume V*, maybe.

T: And we have a new four-song seven-inch called the *Ethel EP*.

When will that be coming out?

T: A couple of weeks.

D: A rock bonanza.

J: Tom's nose is growing. It should really be out soon...

T: It's four of our faster, more rockin' songs.

All your songs are pretty fast and rockin'.

T: But when you play fast and rockin' stuff all the time, the ones that aren't as fast as the others seem almost like ballads...

Any really memorable crowd responses?

D: When we played in Spokane with Mudhoney, it was pretty nice but the guy who ran this big giant club got arrested for molesting young boys so we don't get to play there anymore. We played a gigantic frat party once...

T: That was just stupid. There were about 15 cool punk rockers in front digging it and about 2000 frat boys going. "Oh, punk rock! I guess this means we should slam and drive our heads through the wall."

D: In Bellingham we had loggers openly mocking us. In between songs you could hear laughter in the background...

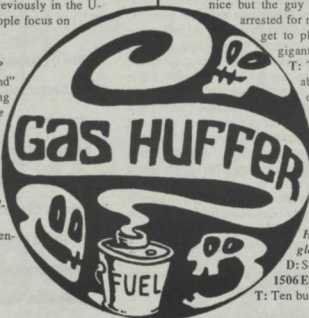
How do I get one of your famous glow-in-the-dark shirts?

D: Send to Fallout Records and Tapes, 1506 East Olive Way, Seattle, WA, 98102.

T: Ten bucks.

Does that cover postage?

T: Yeah, I guess so.



BOOTSALUCE

The Beat Assassinator talks to guitarist Sonny Greenwich, Jr. and singer Drew Ling

Place: *Donut Cafe, Granville St.*

Time: *12 noon, Saturday*

Food: *Coffee and Toast*

CounterPerson: "White or brown bread?"

Reply: "Brown." Of course! *The Brown Album*, a mixture of funk, rock, and dance music, is the recently released debut LP for Montreal's Bootsauce.

What do you think of the rap scene?

SGJ: I like some of the bands...Public Enemy...

DL: Eric B. and Rakim

SGJ: N.W.A., Ice-T.

What are your feelings on sampling?

SGJ: If it's used as an ingredient and relatively cleverly, I think it's good.

Did you sample from Ice-T's "Drama" in your song in "Scratching the Whistle"?

SGJ: Noooo.

DL: There's no point sampling something that's already been sampled... It was a Kool and the Gang sample. He sampled Kool and the Gang and didn't ask permission to do it. We sampled it first and we got permission for it when they were suing him.

How did your record deal come about? Canadian bands seem to have a hard time...

SGJ: We kind of stumbled onto it. We were making the right kind of noise at the right time. But I think for other people coming up it should start getting easier; you know, if we can get signed then anyone can get signed...

DL: (laughing) If bands would stop doing the same boring old shit then maybe they would get signed!

THE JAZZ BUTCHER: THE EROSION OF THE BASEMENT BY PAT CARROLL

It was a dark and stormy mid-afternoon. I ascended to Pat Fish's hotelroom to discuss his descent to the basement. To start off, I fired some of the terms people use to describe his band:

"Strange."

"Yes."

"Unusual."

"Yes."

"Quirky."

"No."

"Loopy."

"No. I don't like this idea that we are 'Barmy English People For Profit.' We're just pointing out the idiocy of everyday life. We are not Robyn Hitchcock who comes up on stage and says 'Fish, Pineapple, Bathchair.' He's writing in code. It is O.K. though, I like him; I have the time of day for him. HIM I can see calling wacky... So much of it comes from chance conversation of something in the newspaper. Like the SUN, which is a seriously bad paper in Britain. There was a headline that read 'RED RUSSIANS SHOT MY ROCKET DOWN' and I thought millions of people are going to see this. Millions of not very bright, not very well educated people who are going to look at it and say, 'Oh, right.' So I looked at this and used it in 'Ronald Reagan's Birthday Present' where just about the entire lyric was 'people chanting (he then sang aforementioned headline in a fake enraged American voice)' in the hope of ridiculing people into realizing what a daft thing was being presented to them as news. This stuff (ie. the Sun's headline or its instance on referring to gay priests as "poofs") is fucking with language. It is nothing less than the erosion of meaning. If you mess with words too much, you mess with attitudes. For example, there is this dictionary of German words that Hitler and his pals messed with. Either fucked with the meaning or invented. Like 'Rassenschade' or 'race disgrace'... that meant having sex with someone Jewish. If the people who are messing with the words are politically dodgy, like Mr. Murdoch (owner of The Sun) is, then you have a problem. You mention this to people and they are blasé about it, even intellectual types; they just shrug their shoulders and say, 'language evolves, we don't talk like Chaucer,' and that's true. But you have to be careful how it evolves. You can either give it more meaning, more accuracy, more use, or you can turn it into a kind of blunt instrument for beating anyone who gets in your way. It's just the exaggeration of words, of the devaluation of words just like currency. Take the word 'great' for example. Julius Caesar was great, Alexander the Great was great, conceivably Napoleon was great. Nowadays everyone's new single is 'great.' Chances are most of the burgers between Here and Winnipeg are 'great.' But they're not, they might be good but they're not great."

What can be done to combat this?

"Whoa, now we are getting into some good stuff here. What we do, is take very trivial boring words and place them in an almost surrealist, situationally kind of context... Perhaps we can activate people to the meaning of words by using good plain English; I hope that's the case. On the new album (the as yet unreleased 'Cult of the Basement') Mr. Odd definitely does this."

In part the lyrics run "Square Leg/Square Root/Square Egg/New Fruit/Nice Suit... Nice. Square Peg/The Leg From Winnipeg/Space Head... Nice."

"I was over at Laurence's (O'Keefe, bass player) basement; the lyrics were written very quickly... They were about the man who lived next door. He lived alone, sort of shell-shocked from the war, no one knew or cared. POOR BASTARD. This noisy Punk Rock Band who hung out next door were probably the nearest thing in the world he had to friends."

KECAK!

A Balinese Music Drama explained by David Lewiston
and documented by Pete Lutwyche.



David Lewiston studied classical music at the Royal Conservatory in London, England in the '50s. In the mid '60s he travelled to Asia for the first time and was blown away by the beauty and the complexity of the traditional music he found there. "The syncopation of the Asian musicians makes the western symphony orchestra look sloppy." Since then he has devoted much of his life to travelling the Eastern Lands, observing the culture and recording the music. His travelling and recording is done with his own savings, there's no record company advance; he hopes to recuperate the costs of the trip, and finance the next adventure, all from the sales of the finished recording. His latest release was digitally recorded on a pair of old VCR's in an ancient temple courtyard in Bali. The recording is of a Balinese musical tradition called the *Kecak* (pronounced "kechak"). While in Vancouver recently, he came up to the CTR studios to explain the *Kecak* ceremony.

DAVID LEWISTON: The anthropologist Walter Spees in the 1930s noticed a Balinese ceremony called *Sang-Huang*, where a trance is induced in two young girls. They become the vehicles for heavenly nymphs and while they're entranced the nymphs can be questioned by the village elders to explain the reason for the epidemic affecting the village, and how it can be ended, that sort of thing. Now, to bring the girls to trance, incense is used, there is a chorus of softly chanting women, and there is also what is called a Chak chorus. This is a large group of men who chant a highly rhythmic chorus using the syllable "chak." Spees thought that this was extraordinary and he proposed to his Balinese friends that they create an entertainment for the western tourists that were just beginning to appear in Bali. So they took up a story which is known to every Balinese, that of the Hindu epic *The Ramayana*, which tells the story of the abduction of the young princess Sita by the Demon King and the recovery of Sita by her husband, Rama, with his monkey allies, led by the Monkey King and the Monkey General Hanuman. They took this story as the central theme for the *Kecak*, and they took dance movements from two of the most popular dance forms in Bali, so they have the characters dancing and acting out the story and they brought the whole thing together with the Chak chorus. But rather than just chanting "chak," the chorus, which is anywhere from 80 to 150 men, behave in a complementary way with the story. For example, when the son of the Demon King fires a magic arrow at Rama, it becomes a serpent, which encircles, at this point, the Chak chorus, which becomes coils of the serpent by lying together at the side, encircling Prince Rama. At other times they may be the subjects of the Demon Kings kingdom, or the two armies doing battle. In this way a performance of between 40 minutes and one hour, varying from village to village, is created. So the Chak chorus is really powering the action along. In another scene, dealing with the abduction of Sita, Sita is in the forest and the Demon King has taken on the disguise of a fasting priest. He orders Sita to bring him some food, she does, comes too close and is captured and taken off to his kingdom. In this part, the Demon King is interacting with the Chak chorus and there is a quality of demonic possession at that point. It's like the Chak chorus has been imbued with his demonic energy. Toward the end of the scene the Chak chorus forms a symbolic mountain by moving into three concentric circles. The Demon King enters the mountain and, as though the energy has been cut off, the Chaks collapse.

Sound interesting?

KECAK - A Balinese Music Drama, Bridge CD BCD9019.

Other David Lewiston recordings:
TIBETAN BUDDHISM, Bridge CD BCD9015.
BALI, Nonesuch Explorer Series.

(Or call me during my show, Avant Pig, Tuesday afternoons and ask me to play some.)

Rather than send in the Beat Happening-smart yet bashful cub reporter, *Discorder* assigned Beat Happening-ignorant and embarrassingly overconfident vet reporter to chat with Olympia, Washington's own Calvin, Heather and Bret before their set at CTR-presented WHOA DAD, IT'S MUDHONEY!

You did some shows on Fugazi's Repeater tour? Calvin: We did twelve, fourteen shows, something like that, just on the west coast this last spring. Bret: They love us because we make the best pies they ever had which is why we went on tour with them. C: We also happen to be their favorite band in the world, at least when they're around us. It's kind of out-of-sight, out-of-mind, though. I know that when they get home all these DC bands are their favorite bands in the world, so it doesn't really last. Che sera, sera!

What is the philosophy behind [Beat Happening-run] K Distribution? C: Well, we figure we just wanna show the world if we can do it, anybody can. So many people, they say, "Aw, I wanna be in a band, I wanna put out a record," and we just say, "Hey, do it!"

Have things been getting better for not only Beat Happening but also K Distribution in recent years? C: Yeah, it's gotten a lot better. People are starting to pay more attention to it and stuff. I guess with Beat Happening, it's hard to tell because we just keep doing the same thing, doing things our way and it seems like more and more people are interested. We've been doing a lot of bigger shows this year, so I guess it's pretty cool.

Seattle takes care of its own? C: Seattle's weird. I don't understand Seattle. They used to hate us. Now some of them like us. It seems like we've had some good shows there lately and people like us, but still a lot of people are throwing stuff at us and things like that. Heather: Well, it's more like we've been asked to play with bands that people like. C: I mean we go over well. H: Like we played with Mudhoney in Seattle, at this huge show. C: Not like 1200 people came to see us. (laughter)

Is K Distribution strictly mallorder? C: We get distributed by Sub Pop and the regular independent distributors all over. We're doing a lot more stores and we're selling a lot to Australia and England now, New York, more than we ever did before. It's like the whole Northwest thing, it's exploding and we're sort of going along with that in a lot of ways.

How extensive is K Distribution? C: We carry a lot of independent American stuff, British singles mostly and stuff that most people don't carry. Stuff that probably never gets played on the radio. Just small pressings of 100, 500, a thousand maybe.

Could you tell us about your new single "Redhead Walking" b/w "Secret Picnic Spot"? C: Well, you have to ask Bret about that. B: Well...have you heard it?

Yes I have. I've played it. B: Umm hm.

Personally, I prefer "Secret Picnic Spot". B: Really? There are people that said that should never have been released.

Is there anything else you want to promote before we wrap up? C: We're more interested in promoting the whole love rock cause, you know.

Why do you say that? C: Well, I guess I see these young kids these days, they come along, they wanna be in a band and like when we started our band, a lot of bands that were around then, they were just kind of like "Hey, we're gonna play a show, great." Then, putting a record out was really exciting. Everything about it was just like fun and great. But now it seems like before bands even play their first show they're looking for some major label or something and their priorities are different. I'm not saying they're wrong or bad, I'm just saying they're really different than the way things were when we started and than the way we still like to think about things. Maybe that's part of the reason why Fugazi was playing with us because they do their thing and they see us as people who do something we want to do. So, I don't know, you're saying "promote," sure we like to promote. We want people to come to our shows and listen to our music because they like it and because it's fun, but it just sounds so depressing when you said that: "Do you have anything you wanted to promote?" Gets really depressing.

For further information on Beat Happening, write to K Distribution, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507, USA and ask for a newsletter.

BEAT HAPPENING

BY BEPI CRESPIAN

CALVIN OF BEAT HAPPENING LYDIA SCHWANSKY

THE PIT PUB

DARREN R HOUSE MUSIC (NOT)

- 1) Sisters of Mercy • More
- 2) Soup Dragons • I'm Free
- 3) Charlatans • The Only One I Know
- 4) Skinny Puppy • Nature's Revenge
- 5) Frontline Assembly • Provision
- 6) Faith No More • Epic
- 7) HIM • Stockholm
- 8) Jane's Addiction • Been Caught Stealing
- 9) Cure • Never Enough
- 10) Candy Flip • Strawberry Fields Forever

THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR'S TOP TEN TUNES

1. X-Clan • Shaft's Big Score
2. Ministry • Better Luck Next Time
3. MC 900FT. Jesus with DJ Zero • UFO's Are Real
4. Happy Mondays • Hallelujah (Club Mix)
5. Depeche Mode • Clean
6. MC 900FT. Jesus with DJ Zero • Too Bad
7. The Afro's • Why Do I Wear My 'fro?
8. Stone Roses • I Am The Resurrection
9. Nine Inch Nails • Down In It
- 10) NIN • Heller

VELVIS EYEBROW'S THURSDAY 10

- 1) Pop Will Eat Itself • Dance of the Mad
- 2) Tackhead • Dangerous Sex
- 3) Skinny Puppy • Tormentor
- 4) James • Gold Mother
- 5) Meat Beat Manifesto • Genocide
- 6) A Guy Called Gerald • Subscape
- 7) Clock DVA • Velvet Realm
- 8) Cocteau Twins • Iceblink Luck
- 9) Jane's Addiction • Stop
- 10) Bloodstar • Bloodstar

THURSDAY DJING BY CITRUS NIGHTS CBO

A SPLIT = SECOND

BY LLOYD

"The fact is our record company is not pushing us into this corner. We're selling quite well as it is. It's even in the contract. They deal with the business. We make the music. Our label (Antler) did release a lot of the new beat stuff but there is a basic difference: A Split-Second is a band. We also do live shows, whereas most of the new beat releases were really studio projects; so everybody knew it wasn't going to last very long. It wasn't designed for longevity. It was more of a temporary craze, a trend, a hype, and that's one of the reasons why I didn't want to be associated with it. Also, because of the fact that there was no content whatsoever in any of those records which is already a big difference from our music, I think."

—Marc Ickx of Ghent's new beat dance sensation of a few years ago.

Completing a twenty-seven date tour of the United States last month, Ickx, colleagues Nicolas Mansey and Fedzjean Venvelt, and main A Split-Second collaborator Crismar Chayell appear twice on CITR's SpinList this month with their debut Caroline LP *Kiss of Fury* and the Antler Records' *Another World: Electronic Body Music* compilation on which they vie for laser consideration with such acts as The Klinik, Boris Mikulic, and Fatal Morgana. On the final night of their American tour, *Disorder* was flown down by Caroline Records to meet up with Ickx at the legendary I-Beam club in San Francisco.

Ickx: The tour's been definitely bigger than last year. To give you just an idea, last

time we did only two gigs in Florida and two in Texas; in those two states alone. We did five in Texas and eight in Florida this time, so there's a couple of places where it's really starting to happen. Chicago was extremely good as far as reaction was concerned.

I guess odd that Texas, which I thought tended to be very conservative, would be so supportive.

You'd be amazed. The reactions there were the best we had. We had the biggest turnouts there, too. In Dallas we had over a thousand people. It

(laughs).

How do your American artists differ from those in Europe?

In general American audiences are a lot more responsive than the Europeans. Apart from the Scandinavians and Spanish who are really wild, the rest of Europe are a pretty cool customer. In America, they're a lot more responsive.

Do you get much support from the British music press? Any comments on the British Music Express?

They're fast asleep I think, at

Belgium at the moment?

You don't want to know, really. The club circuit is dead for the moment. There were a few really interesting alternative clubs in Belgium until new beat came up and then all these clubs turned new beat and when new beat died nothing else came in to replace it. So they're just playing the Top 40 stuff there now.

For someone like myself who hasn't heard the new Kiss of Fury LP yet, how would you compare it to some of your earlier recordings?

Well, for one it's more mature. That sounds kind of vague, I realize, but we've always been working very hard in creating our own sound. We've had a lot of experience with that kind of thing now and it kind of comes naturally, so if we wanted to keep growing, I figured the best way to do that was to work on the songs as songs a little more to make the choruses punchier, etc. We worked a lot harder on vocals and guitars. Also, in our previous work it was easier to distinguish the separate styles in



is kind of amazing that Florida and Texas should be the most successful states for us as a whole; maybe they just need it more desperately.

Most of the people that come out to your shows are college radio types?

Mostly, it's still college radio who do most of the work for us. In fact that's where we get most of our promotion from. We didn't have the extremes we had last year, like in New Orleans where "Rigor Mortis" was a hit not only on alternative radio, but also on commercial radio; so in the front rows you had the black leather types with the big hair, right next to them real yuppie types complete with suit and tie

the moment. There's not much reaction from that side, but then again the British market is really different from any other market in the world and it's probably the most difficult to penetrate. As far as dance music goes, from what we found out, we played there a couple years ago and did a video there...one of our first 12's ("Flesh") was signed to London Records, and from what I saw there, what generally happens on the dance market is that a hype becomes generated in London and as soon as it becomes fashionable in the rest of the country, it's out in London. It really is "you're in today and out tomorrow" over there.

What kind of scene exists in

different songs, for instance "On Command" was a typical industrial song whereas "Mambo Witch" was more rock-oriented. I think on the last album for most of the songs, we've succeeded in blending all styles really well into each and every one of them. Every song still has its own identity, but it's more difficult to put them into separate drawers and label them differently.

Do you incorporate any ethnic elements on Kiss of Fury as say, on a track like "From the Inside"?

The song "Firewalker" is very ethnically-based. It's based on North American Indian rhythms. So, yeah, that element is definitely still there.

ATTRITION

BY ULIANA

Concluding the first five years as Attrition, Coventry's Martin Bowes last spring saw release of a Project Records package cleverly titled *Recollection: 1984-1989*. It showcased for the first time in North America some of the enigmatic electronic-art-rock band's triumphs on the highly respected Third Mind and Aniler record labels plus some rarities. After a two week stay in France, Mr. Bowes decided it wouldn't be such a bad idea to get some stamps in order to send back his answers to a couple questions we had of the band.

With the apparent acceptance of electronics-based dance music in the United States, is there a new life in the American market for Attrition?

There does seem to be more interest in the States now which is great, but not everything we do is dance-oriented. The *Recollection* CD is biased in that way, but there's more off-beat stuff, too. A higher profile in the US would not go amiss!

There seems to be a resurgence of guitar bands in the British charts. What are your views on the British independent music scene; how has it changed since your first recordings in the mid-1980s?

I try not to pay attention to the British indie scene. Nowadays, it's guitars over acid-beat. Some of it is okay, but we have more in common with what's going on in, say, Germany. We've always been more popular there. Electronic music is gaining a little ground here, but there's still a pathetic English attitude that European bands are crap, so buy British (or American of course!) I think the scene's changed to become more commercial and competitive.

Who makes up the current Attrition lineup? Is Attrition a hobby project for the members of the band or do you sleep and breathe Attrition? It appears the only touring you've done has been in Europe.

Attrition is basically me. On the new LP, I'm working on at the moment, I've got Julia singing on it as well. She sung on most of the earlier records but for her it's only a part-time thing now. There's a couple of people adding bits on one or two tracks, but ninety percent is me which works out fine. Yes, it was only ever me that "slept and breathed" Attrition. It's all I do, but I don't make enough money at it so I have to fit in part-time jobs

Attrition? What kind of response (from fan mail, media criticism, etc.) have you received from your audience? The only inspiration is my life, so that covers a lot of thoughts and feelings. I try to stick to a basic emotional response to things and not try to fit an idea into a neat summary. The songs are as much questions as answers. The moods must vary and they are indefinable in that I can't simply explain what they are about or there

about it and don't just ask how much our t-shirts are.

How did you get involved with the People For the Ethical Treatment of Animals? [Attrition appear on Wax Trax's Animal Liberation compilation with Lene Lovich/Nina Hagen, Chris & Cosy, etc.] Are you quite involved in rallies and animal experimentation awareness programs in England? Our first single in 1984 was

ployment of technology?

It used to be sacrilege to use backing tapes and drum machines "live" but this has changed since all the kids "pop stars" do it.

Electronics are more acceptable in all forms of music these days I think, well maybe not country and western! I love the freedom to create using electronic toys, but I will admit that occasionally I think I'd like to use a forty-piece orchestra on a track. It's be-

doors, they were cleaning the floors! But I had to wait...? This is an old Chinese fable. In effect it is the nth gate—the point where there are no more answers to your questions, only faith. In that song I stumble towards that gate. I think we all do.

"Pendulum Turns" ("She fiddles while Rome burns! She dines while the pendulum turns")?

The to and fro of the power game. Marie Antoinette, Oliver Cromwell, Hitler, and our very own Margaret Thatcher; they're all in there.

"A'dam & Eva."

A'dam as in Amsterdam, where I've spent a lot of time. The joys and the dark seduction.

"Shrinkwrap"?

Looking for identity and compassion in a shrink-wrapped consumer society.

"Death Truck" ("Head down, cut out! What the hell's he on about? Black blade, lick clean! We're the ones to hear you scream")?

Cattle truck. Hearse. Butcher's van. A bit more than just a vegetarian song.

"Haydn."

A call to create our own slice of life, rather than follow that which preceded us: "The band played Haydn, I put the other side on, the band played you and me..."

You've completed your first five years as a band. Where do you see yourselves heading in the next five?

The only thing that matters is to write and create music that I am proud of and that has a meaning to me. In the same way I am happy to have heard other people through their music then I hope as many people as possible will hear mine—this could expand and I hope it does. I know I'll need to make more albums, and touring is a great adventure so I hope to arrange some more. For the rest, I'll see what happens as it comes along.



somehow. When we play live I gather together a percussionist, keyboard player, slidesperson, etc. We've played a lot of Europe but won't be doing anything now until after the new LP is released which won't be until January. I'm hoping that having domestic US releases will help us get a tour over there next year.

What is the inspiration for

would be no point in creating them in the first place. Life and death, sex, love and religion—that probably covers it all! We get a good response from the press we do get (on the whole). If we had a bigger publicity machine we'd probably get written about a lot more and then get more slatings. I like getting letters from people who like the music, especially when they talk

"Monkey in a Bin," the anti-violence song, so this was picked up by PETA and we re-recorded it for them. I've done a few rallies and handing out of leaflets in my time, but not as much as I should have!

Attrition does not by any means over-exploit (dare I say it) "INDUSTRIAL" sounds, yet have you received any criticism towards your em-

yond my reach. As long as it sounds right in the end, then that's okay with me.

Your songs are so surrealistic...ambiguous, and it's difficult to place just one meaning on them but could you give me some insight into "Fiftieth Gate" ("Hanging around, it seems I'm late/Arrived on time, but I've not been paid/Heaven was opening

the cruel elephant

COOL AS FUCK FUCKING DIG IT SAVES YOUR FUCKING SOUL

Alternative music in Vancouver needs your support. If we weren't here (and we haven't been here before Aug 2, 1995) do you think Steel Pole Bathing with The Godfathers would have played anyway? NO. Coffee Break? NO. Skin Yard? NO. Snuff, Sam I Am, Urge Overkill, Unrest, L7, The Fastbacks? NO. Not to mention all the great local stuff but hey we need your support. We now even have a new menu! More vegetarian stuff and the bands usually end about 12:30 at the latest, so you don't have to stay out all night (if you don't want to). Hey, cover charge because a cool band is playin' but you only want a meal and a few cold ones? No problem - no cover! Any questions? 688-8748 (604) 1176 Granville at Doria. We welcome any comments (and patronage) but we do need the support of the community because nothing should be taken for granted or denied a proper place in the structure of a city's culture, for fuck sake (I won't going to say that horrible word but fuck you if you can't take a joke). Oh yeah did you miss the Dorgia Abortions too? What a loser. Live long be free and prosper but remember I love you no matter how stupid you are. P.S. Come down some night you racial reject. "The place on which I am standing (etc) fills, I walk against it nobody goin' to tell me what to do." - Ivor Cutler

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SUN 2 - LUDWIGS TAPE RELEASE
WED 5 - TREEFROG W/ ELVIS LOVE CHILD
THUR 6 - FUNHOUSE AT WERDOCKLES W/ THE CRUSADERS
SAT 8 - GREENHOUSE
SUN 9 - FLOPHOUSE W/ BEDLAM ROVERS
WED 12 - DIRT TAPE RELEASE W/ THE TOUCH'N'GO'S W/ PHINEAS GAGE
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I rarely have anything nice to say about this event. In fact, two years ago I lobbied unsuccessfully to put an end to SHINDIG before it killed itself. I realize now that this

competition is a reasonably popular event partially due to the continuing controversy. Of course some people turn up to watch the bands, but I am sure there are those who come out

just to heckle the judges' decisions. Shindig is similar in many ways to the Miss America Pageant. It exploits raw talent (for lack of a better word), and although not everyone can find

reason to agree with the judges, they still tune in year after year.

What it all comes down to in the end is MONEY. It is the pursuit of the big bucks which brings some of these bands out of the dark cracks and into the bright lights. It was once said that real artists don't enter contests; they just apply for grants. Yet after over five years of witnessing this event, I still return faithfully, as if some addiction drags me back, in the hopes that one day I will be able to say I have seen the future and it was performing at Shindig. Oh well, maybe not this month. But for those of you who are reading this in the hopes of finding out who, what, and how some of the bands fared, I will try to sum up.

Purple City, Shiny Greedy, and Windwalker competed in the first night of Round Two. I must confess I don't recall being conscious that night; all I can say is Windwalker won. They went on to win the Second Round Final, putting on quite a show. Most bands hate being compared or categorized, so I will just say they're energetic and dynamic live, which is more than I can say for many bands

who act as though the audience is just the back wall of mom's garage.

The second night featured Aunt Acid, The Smileys and Superconductor. Superconductor won. Now here is a band that loves to wank. But even if you're into that sort of exhibitionism you may be disappointed. Superconductor tends to shoot blanks.

The third Monday gave us Naked Youth, From Beyond and Rattled Roosters. Rattled Roosters took the big

prize this night: a rockabilly band that sweats buckets and could rock a house-party to the wee morning hours.

So as we prepare to enter the third and final round, we can look forward to seeing more raw talent exploited on the stages of the Railway Club, Bent, Windwalker, and the winner of the final round will compete December 17 at the TOWN PUMP for BIG PRIZES. It promises to be well worth your entertainment dollar, no fooling.



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LEMONHEADS

By
PAUL T.
BROOKS

Since their inception in 1986, The Lemonheads have sprouted two EPs and three full length albums and gained an innumerable amount of fans, especially overseas. Although the band has seen their share of turmoil, they trudges on, escalating their cult status. With their latest release *Lovey* firmly tucked into college playlists, the band has taken their Boston-brand of pop-core on the road. *Discorder* talked to main citrus Evan Dando just before they left.

EVAN DANDO: That's a sleazy city you got up there. I thought it was gonna be clean and pristine...Well we came in at 4 a.m. and it looked pretty interesting.

Did you get a warm reception when you were last here?
Yeah, it was pretty good. I had

a good time.

How long ago was that? What album were you touring for?
Lick. Yeah, that was last summer.

The Lemonheads are having a worse time with membership than Dinosaur Jr.!
Well, I guess the situation is kind of similar. On the last record I ended up playing the drums and bass on a lot of it and the other guys just felt like it wasn't much fun.

Did they feel it was just your project?

Right. They weren't adding enough to it and also they had other things they wanted to do. So they took off. I was out in North Hampton and I missed from Dinosaur was out there and he was talking about how he needed a bass player. I just

wanted to go out with those guys. It'd be fun but I guess I have to do my own thing.

Did the guys that you're playing with now contribute to Lovey at all?

No, they were post-Lovey. The drummer is from Squirrel Bait. He's a hot drummer. The bass player was just a friend of his so I got these two guys from Louisville, Kentucky now playing with me.

Jesse Peretz is off with a film degree now?

He has a film degree, from Harvard of all places, but now he's just looking to find work in Boston. He wants to get involved with film in a major way and do some directing. He's very talented. That was the main thing with him, he had to get a start on what he

really wanted to do.

How about getting him to direct some videos for you in the future?

Yeah. When we get home from the tour we're going to do a video for our next single "Different Drum."

You guys and covers... It's pretty much a given they turn out fantastic. How do you go about choosing a cover and putting it together?

Well, with "Luka" it was more like having a really good time with the song.

Did you originally do that to be satirical; poke a finger at Suzanne Vega?

No, it wasn't that. We genuinely got something out of the song in that it was really catchy somehow. It worked its way into us. When we were on our first tour it was on the radio all the time. We started playing it live and it was just for fun but it wasn't necessarily poking fun at the song...It's just a weird little catchy song.

Did Suzanne Vega ever hear The Lemonheads' "Luka"?
Yeah...in (Rolling Stone's) *Random Notes* a couple of months back...she said it was a trash-metal version. I don't really think she knows what she means.

On the new album you cover "Brass Buttons" of all things! I love that song! I think that riff is so great. It's something that makes you go, "God, I should have thought of that," but you didn't.

"Plaster Caster"? Is KISS a big influence of yours?
Oh yeah! KISS is so stubbornly stupid. They'll follow through an idea so stubbornly and it'll be such a simple, dumb idea. I admire that a lot and that's one of their stupidest songs.

Isn't it just blatantly about sex?

Well, it's about Cynthia Plaster Caster, a woman who was a total groupie in the '60's and she was really into rock stars'

penises. So she would get someone to arouse them and then she'd set their dicks in plaster and get a cast of their erect penises. She did Jimi Hendrix, Robert Plant, Jimmy Page; all those people. Also, we met her in Chicago. She came to see us. It was exciting. She wanted to do that thing but I guess we were a little shy.

So does she have a museum with all these penises?

Actually someone else has them. Some evil person who was going to hold them for her has them. Now she's trying to sue them to get them back but she doesn't have many of her great works.

Somebody's holding them for ransom?

Well, they're worth lots of money. The funny thing is that she never did KISS. They were just aspiring rock stars that wanted to be cool. She never ever really liked KISS and she actually thought that our version of the song was much better...She likes our band. She told me she would do it just because she admired our music so much. She's kind of an admirable character; just a little eccentric but she's really nice.

I guess the big thing in your life right now is the signing with Atlantic/WEA.

It's pretty exciting; the records look just like Led Zeppelin records so that's totally cool. The band was signed when I was the only song writer in the band but Jesse was still in the band. Jesse and I signed the

contract.

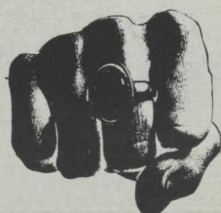
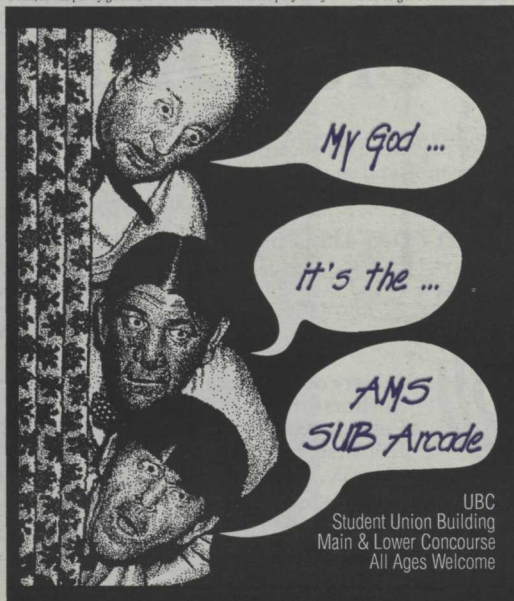
There wasn't a big problem when members were coming and going? Atlantic/WEA wasn't freaking?

Well, they were freaking out 'cause they wanted a band to tour. I write the stuff so as long as I'm around they're mellow. If I left it might be a problem. That would be funny, if I left too.

You guys seem to do really well in Europe. Why do you think more people are into you over there than back here?

That's a really good question. I don't know, man. The kids are more focused on guitar music; it's the thing over there. It's not here... If we hadn't gone to Europe and had a great time over there I don't know if the band would still be together. It would just be too depressing. But Europe is a good boost for the band. It makes you feel like you're doing it for a reason; that it's worth doing... Over there, it's always packed: in London we'll play to, like, 1200 people. It's much more fun. You come back home and some places only 40 people will show up. But it's interesting here in the States and Canada. It's a pretty weird place and it's kind of fascinating to just tool around in it.

Do you have any really, really hard-core, obsessive fans?
Yeah, sure. There are those people in most places we go that are just some completely rabid Lemonheads fans, there's just not that many of them.



TOM MILNE TALKS TO

GIMME SOME SKIN! SKIN YARD

Skin Yard are a great Seattle band that's been around for more than five years, yet they rarely get the attention they deserve, just because they aren't following the trend. "Seattle" tends to conjure up images of long-haired grunge-masters, and although Skin Yard are completely at home playing in that style, it's unfair to pigeonhole a band whose music is an unusual balance between blazing intensity and almost trippy, hypnotic stuff.

The core of Skin Yard is Ben McMillan on vocals, Daniel House (who runs C/Z records) on bass and Jack Endino (producer of numerous records by various Seattle bands, including Skin Yard) on guitar. The newest addition is drummer Barrett Martin. To date they've released three LPs and three singles (the first single is a collector's item), and appeared on three compilations. Their second album, *Hallowed Ground*, was on Toxic Shock. Isn't that label renowned for its hardcore bands?

Daniel: They were... but they're not really so much anymore and I think a lot of what Bill wanted to do was shake off that reputation.... We've played a few gigs with hardcore bands here and there.... We definitely don't go well on hardcore bills though. Actually, we go well but the crowds don't seem to agree. Jack: It's like our music isn't quite breakneck speed enough.

Many people have this impression that all the best Seattle bands are on Sub Pop. Although Skin Yard appreciates what Sub Pop has done for the Seattle scene, the band points out there are a lot of other bands in the area including Big Satan Incorporated, Coffin Break, Gas!uffer and Vexed that deserve attention. They were sure there were others but at the time they couldn't think of any more. Has Skin Yard been approached by Sub Pop?

Ben: Only from behind (much laughter).

Barrett: We have a single out on Sub Pop, that's it; that's all there ever will be.

"Pay to play" is the ultimate slimy move a club owner can make. There are variations on how it works, but essentially a band has to pay a club a certain amount of money in order to play there. The band gets to play in a "big name" club or open for a "big name" band, so they get plenty of exposure;

the club gets a guarantee on money, and everyone's supposedly happy. The problem is that bands without much money are screwed. Occasionally, the club gives a band tickets to sell (only, of course, after they've sold a certain number of advance tickets) to make some money back, but obviously a new band has a limited draw. So much for a vibrant underground scene and so much for any new bands getting much needed exposure. What's Skin Yard's experience with "pay to play"?

Barrett: It just happened in one club in Seattle, but it's a place that has really cheezy bands and we won't even mention the club.

Jack: Everyone knows who it is though.

(Not me, and I stupidly avoided asking them the name of the club.)

Barrett: Seattle still has some integrity and the LA disease has not crept up north yet.

Daniel: We played there a number of times but that doesn't really keep us from despising it.

Jack: LA is definitely not our favorite place.

On the back of *Hallowed Ground* there are a whole bunch of weird symbols; do they mean anything?

Jack: It sort of relates to the name of the album and the title song which lyrically relates to that theme of peoples' dogmas.

Ben: And maybe teen appeal.

Jack: Yeah, and teen appeal too, which is about as deep as we get I suppose.

Barrett: Actually, Glen Danzig took his notes from us.

Daniel: As did the Cult.

Is Skin Yard a band to emulate?

Daniel: Yeah, a band called Treadmill, from Albuquerque, covered one of our songs ("The Blind Leading The Blind") from the first album. It was kind of a kick.

What about band musical in-

terests/influences?

Barrett: Individually, we probably have enough separate musical interests to cover just about the entire scope of contemporary music.

Daniel: I think Fugazi is a really cool band in terms of what they do with a lot of influences from where they came from and yet still play-

ing a lot of strong melody. I just like how they combine all sorts of different influences in what they're doing.

For the record, Skin Yard's first LP and single are on C/Z records, the next single and LP are on Toxic Shock, and the last LP is on Cruz, an affiliate of SST. The new single

is going to be one of those horrible limited edition-type things, with a cover of The Beatles' "Hey Bulldog" on one side and a cover of "Snowblind" by Ace Frehley on the other. Is all this generating any major label interest?

Ben: We have major labels breathing down our backs, and

the breath is bad, so we don't know. We'll stay with small labels right now.

Barrett: We are the A&R industry buzz right now.

Ben: Oh yeah, we're just beating them off with sticks. You don't really want to do anything because just to stay small and stay poor is the thing is all about.

Daniel: Ben likes being the starving artist.

Barrett: Majors are inherently evil, they are the Big Satan Incorporated. Unless we get everything we want, we're better off just retaining some integrity and making the music we want to.

Skin Yard are now working on their fourth LP, single, and compilation contribution. Anyone interested in a new LP may have to wait awhile since Skin Yard hasn't yet recorded anything except the "Hey Bulldog" single. Band members are extremely busy with various side projects; recording the new LP won't be a priority for a little while. What'll the new LP be like?

Barrett: Totally different from the last one. Every record is different.

Jack: The records all have a different sound. The first one's twelve-track, the second one's eight-track, third one's sixteen-track....

Daniel: That doesn't make them sound different.

Jack: Well it does, the machines are totally different from each other, they totally sound different.

Daniel: Think the material has anything to do with that?

Barrett: No, it's all in the wires.

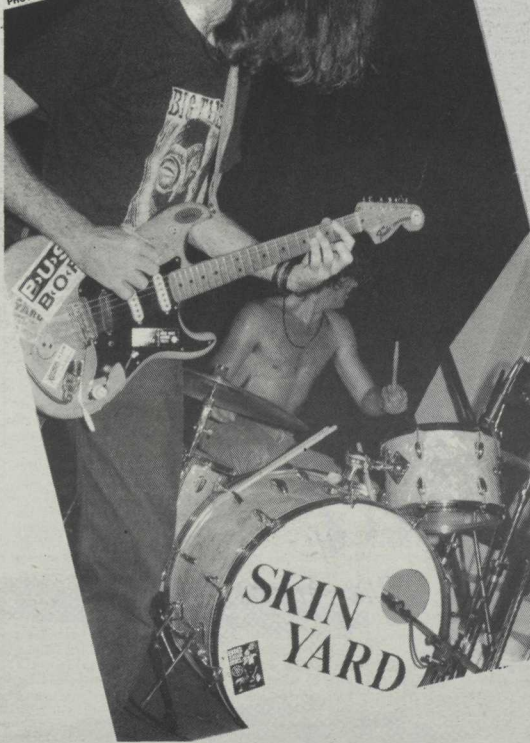
Daniel: I'd like everyone to know we're doing a cover by (Vancouver's own) OCTAT-RACKER. It's gonna be on our next record. I dunno if any of you guys have ever heard of this band, but we think they're really cool. They paid us to say that. We'd like to end this interview by saying we like the beer in Canada.

Jack: America has the cheapest gas and the weakest beer in the world. I think those two are connected together.

Ben: That's why Canadian bands always rule over US bands 'cause US bands are too totalled to play.

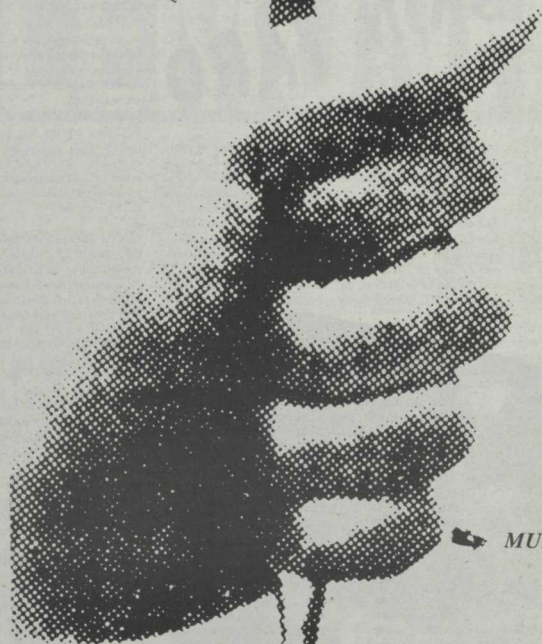
Jack: It works that way in Europe too. Americans go over there and just lose it. The guys in Loveslug (a band from Amsterdam) were telling me about how they were drinking the Fluid under the table. They're big drinkers too, but the beer was too much for them.

PHOTO: JOHN BOLLIER



1990

NEW



MUSIC



AMERICA



JEFF BUTTLE

New Music America/Montreal Accutelles 1990, billed as sort of the Thrills in Manila of new music. The reigning champion: heavy hitters from the worlds of avant garde Minimalism and its disotches. The challenger: the downtown scene characterized by the heavy jazz/noise New York sound. Also on the bill: assorted up-and-comers and their over-the-hill foils, neoposters and not-out-of-place-on-college-radio neo-classical concert pieces, shaggy dog prog rockers, music theatre, sound installations, and, as they say, more. Numerous sounds in concert halls and smoky bars (and worse) over a dozen gruelling days and nights.

Although this was the 11th annual blow-out, it was a showdown of sorts. This was the last time for NMA in its present travel-to-a-new-city, each-year form; nobody is lining up to host the multi-million dollar, years-in-the-making event. Discussions at the fest centred on whether the event is necessary or even desirable; whether it should be scaled down and/or organized on a regional basis; whether it should have a permanent home-base; what the hell new music is, etc., etc. The main event was undoubtedly the North American Premiere of *An Angel Moves Too Fast To See* by Rhys Chatham (programmer of the 1979 New Music New York festival which mutated into NMA the following year). Promising a basic mix of rock and serious music on a grand scale, *An Angel* was performed by 101 guitars, a handful of bassists, and one explosive drummer. It was a cavernous downtown disco three days before the festival officially got underway. For the most part, Chatham was content to be tasteful. To get the idea, imagine what it would sound like if Television composed the opening music for some extravaganza of the Olympic/Expo sort (after David Foster turned it down). With 101 guitars I fully expected the roof to be lifted off the place. That happened only once, in the 3rd movement: it was as if Sonic Youth was cloned for the purpose of grinding Iggy "Hyundai" Pop into beer-glass dust. A few lovely moments

of ecstasy incarnate but, in general, Glenn Branca generated far more better noise from his six guitarists at the Commercial Drive Legion Hall a few years back. And the 101 guitar players didn't do The Wave: inexcusable in that hockey-crazy town. Plus the organizers managed to recruit only a handful of women guitarists. On the plus side, festival artistic director Jean Piché was there being suitably politique, handing out programs at the door.

After two days of relentless fest, the first got off to an inauspicious start at a gala at Montreal's Lincoln Centre, Place des Arts. The highlight was when the Canadian Premiere of yank John Adams' *Fearful Symmetries*, was met with a smattering of boos; one of the very rare occasions when festival audiences were roused to anything other than nervous politeness or frenzied adulation. Too bad.

Earlier in the day, a free series of electroacoustic concerts got underway in a bar/theatre across from a homeless settlement not far from the University of Montreal. Acousmum highlighted Canadian works, including the world premiere of Paul Dolden's *Dancing on the Walls of Jericho*, commissioned for the festival (and, no, it wasn't Too Loud). Part of a trilogy, it's gorgeously musical compared to the fierce *Below the Walls of Jericho* he presented at the Pitt Gallery last April. Fellow Vancouverite Sergio Barasso was also represented in the series.

Opening day continued with an excerpt from LUDI, a fantastical opera-in-progress, at the Spectrum (Montreal's version of The Commodore), and a post-midnight show by narcotic New Haven blues guitarist Loren Mazzacane at Fofoules Electriques.

No grand themes or trends yet...

Day Two: the sound and movement series in Bibliothèque Nationale's basement was inaugurated by SFU instructor David McIntyre's *Smudge* for bass clarinet Lori Freedman and dancer Lola MacLaughlin. The second half of the program provided the first real excitement of the festival when Marta Marta Danse of Montreal (choreographed by former Vancouverite Martha Carter) took to the makeshift stage. MMD is a streetwise version of Mickey Rooney's "let's-put-on-a-show"; the good-time energy of this

body-percussion group was highly contagious. It was humorous without being pandering, unlike, for instance, *Mump and Smoots*. The rest of the series was surprisingly weak, given Montreal's strong movement/dance/theatre rep.

The first big disappointment happened that evening when a female supergroup of (mostly) Quebec performers meandered through a set of arty jazz-noise featuring a pile of sand and a shower-like booth: musically, sort of Elizabeth Fischer teamed with Al Neil. They were doubled-blinded by the liturgical American Theater Group and Mother Mallard in the first of a near-interminable, patience-straining series of pop-minimalist concerts that dominated the first week of the fest (guess who I'm rooting for).

Relief was again sought and gained at Fofoules (closest local parallel is The Plaza spread out over several spaces; the fashion is to drink beer straight from your pitcher). Montrealeers Bruite mounted their touching vinyl-thon to mark the genocide of records as we knew them. This is deep scratch: several discs are sampled, then gouged, snapped in pieces and discarded while the band plays on.

Day Three, Saturday, featured the first of the new music bigshots on hand, Alvin Curran. He, SFU instructor Mildred Westerkamp and Hilda Claude-Paul Gauthier presented pieces for churchbells, a choir of 260 (although I counted only about 150) and a variety of electric and acoustic instruments. This was also the first appearance at the festival of the natural world in the form of taped bird sounds, water gurgling etc. Luckily, this outdoor extravaganza coincided with the first day of a three-day Chinook which resulted in much drinking on Saint Laurent terraces until four a.m.

That night, an even bigger disappointment: Wayne Horvitz's The President. No doubt the group is a mean machine making very muscular rock, but the compositions were like warm soup: oh-so-nice. If this is the fate of the downtown sound, the only question is who'll be enshrined in muzak first, Horvitz or Steve Reich. At one point Wayne called out to his band: "Okay, let's make it perk here." Perk?

Later, Electric World fused Rush and Rhythm Mission, with that Eugene-

Chadbourne-on-helium, David Moss, on drums and vocals. Songs (not compositions—no music stands in evidence) included "The Funk Never Stops" and "Triumph of Capitalism over Capitalism."

Sunday was Kronos Quartet day. In the afternoon, the bi-coastal group of phenoms presented the world premiere of LaMonte Young's *Cronos Kristallo (Time Crystals)*, and ambient musique for strings. The grand old progenitor of minimalism himself was present, and was no doubt received enthusiastically by anyone still in attendance and awake when the piece ended.

But that night the KQ rocked. They opened with a fab composition by honorary Looney Tune John Zorn, which featured violin and cello bows used as wind instruments. The quartet sustained a heady buzz until the break. Overall, a virtuoso, achingly beautiful performance. Kudos to the KQ.

Quebec guitar legend Andre Duchesne and his crunched 'Sex Machine' capped an unusually lively Montreal Sunday. The mock-epic intro featured fog blanketing every cranny of Fofoules; shades of The Vancouver Opera's 1986 production of *Carmen*, sans tuxedos. Throughout the rockin' set of train songs which followed, Duchesne proved that inventive soloing is not a contradiction in terms.

Monday, roughly the halfway point, those bad (mostly) old dudes from Toronto, The Canadian Creative Music Centre, delighted and mystified with their Squamish avalanche of musical belches and grimaces. Featuring the cheerfully anarchic boogie-woogie piano of filmmaker Michael Snow, this improv group can be on of the most potent in the country.

For the second night running, Terry Riley was in the front row at the Spectrum to witness a premiere of his work (KQ had performed *The Gift* during their set). The players this time, Toronto's Array-music, were powered by a somewhat soulless heartbeat of synthetic percussion, but they put on a satisfying performance of pop-minimalist works (sneer softens slightly).

Arraymusic was teamed with the dense bebop of Challenge, led by California professor Anthony Braxton. His powerhouse lineup included pianist David Rosenboom and legendary percussionist William Winant.

If it's Tuesday, this must

be the Nouvel Ensemble Moderne, Montreal's newest university-based band dedicated to doing new works. They proved to be thought provoking: "Are the fellows in Test Department really dickheads, or did they just have a bad night?" You get the idea.

Next up was one of two special events produced by Montreal artists and musicians parallel to the fest itself, an "installation operation" in an east side cultural centre. The dark, rambling space was strewn with stylized musical objects modelled on household artifacts. The French-language narrative had something to do with white trash coming to terms with life in the big city. The evening demonstrated endless musical inventiveness, but wasn't entertaining enough to sustain interest over 90 minutes.

The second event was the captivating *Cantate Grise*, based on several short Samuel Beckett pieces. Presented by composer Jean Derome and director Denis Marleau's Theatre UBU, this is Beckett filtered through George Romero: risky and brilliant.

Wednesday proved very satisfying. The most pleasant surprise of the day—and the fest—was (Zorn pianist) Anthony Coleman's takes on eastern European eurodisco. This is klezmer music for daydreamers, woozy and utterly charming, but with an undercurrent, way deep, of downtown dangerousness.

By Night series will be out on some obscure east coast label within six months, Coleman says.

Coleman upstaged the group he opened for, hometown heroes Les Granules. The Jean Derome/Rene Lusier big band is without a doubt a seriously mutant orchestra—how could it not be—but in this rare live incarnation they seemed toward a rather straight, Quebec version of Jerry Loungue Lizards. Busiest player at the festival, Fred Friel, played bass with LG. Best bit: all 15 players wore the trademark Derome/Lusier lumberjack t-shirt.

Later, zither goddess Jin Hi Kim was perfectly at home in grimy Fofoules, strumming her sawed-off surboard strung with enough rigging for a medium-sized ship's mast.

Then, the moment 1100 punkers had been waiting for: a scaled-down but utterly persuasive history of English imperialism by increasingly tribal drummers, Test Department. TD's bombast was ear-bled

time for throngs of festival-goers (onward to socialism through deafness), and the first time the audience, with classic pop attitude, arrived late for a NMA show. Too bad: Montreal duo Sylvain Cote and Jean Fillon put on a sublime noise-fest. Cote is a super-agile guitarist in a province blessed with finger pickers, and Fillon was no slouch on the skins, either. Cote, a member of the social activism duo Rhythm Activism along with East Van poet Norman Nawrocki, was the first player at the fest to really explore the limits of the instrument, producing feedback Jimi might have approximated had he been raised on Mars.

To top it off, Les Pairs Z'ont Rouges, a prop-heavy, campy cabaret trio, achieved an effortless, playful surrealism that 100 surrealists never come near. These three women were billed with the awesome Last Leg, which centred on Tom Cora and Hans Reichel. These guys could entrain me by playing the phone book, so I can't say anything objective about them. Suffice to say they integrated that '70s musical icon, whale noises; they made it funky and they made it work.

NMA '90 blurred to a conclusion with two nights of *The Residents' Cube E*, or *The History of American Music in 3 E-Z Pieces*, and Ein-sturzende Neubaute's rave-up Sunday night that made Test Department look like a Top-40 band.

Cube E (Cubist Elvis) is the mystery group's first major project since the death of friend and collaborator Snake-finger three years ago. The extravaganza, which unearths and explores cowboy music, the music of American slaves, and their synthesis in Elvis (*The King and Eye*) has been on the road for the past year. While occasionally brilliant, *Cube E* begs the question "Why Elvis?" There was a time when the Residents were staunchly years ahead of their time; what more can they say in 1990 that the *Weekly World News* hasn't already? Some songs—a wrenching "Heartbreak Hotel" and a "Viva Las Vegas" Chris Houston could only dream about—plumbed the black depths of Elvis; inspired. Still, the highly theatrical show lacked a purposeful thread, and the applause at the end seemed as much for the group collective oeuvre as for *Cube E*.

Elvis has left the building.



By Mikey Likesit and Gavin Brown

ALBUM WITH DICKLESS

Contrary to popular belief, the Jiggle boys haven't always been the swanky debonair gentlemen you hear every Wednesday 7-9; our formative dating years were filled with sweaty palms, acned faces and an inability to talk around the fairer sex. It's a minor miracle we came out of the battlefield of teenage lust intact and ready to wage war in the arena of true love: Groupie-dom. Yeah, that's right, Mikey and Gav are self-confessed suckers for all-girl bands featuring heaviness, grunge, sludge and tattoos. It's no surprise no band has ever fit that mold. No band, that is, until last spring when Gav (using a United States Naval Reserve Identity Card) talked his way into the Kennel Club in San Francisco to see Tad/Nirvana/Dickless. From the moment Dickless took the stage announcing, "Hi, we're Tad," Gav knew we'd found a band to worship. Watching them load up afterwards, he dreamed of the special friendship 2 boys and 4 women could share but alas, their license plates indicated residence in Arizona and only broken hearts result in pursuing the fruitless path of long-distance love.

Imagine our surprise when we discovered Dickless was hanging out in Seattle. Maybe our well-worn copy of "I'm A Man" b/w "Saddle Tramp" would get a rest; maybe we would seem them LIVE! Indeed, one day the call went out, the city was abuzz: Dickless was coming! An interview/drooling session was in order. After relentless negotiation, they agreed to talk to us. Now all Jiggle had to do was win their trust and respect (not to mention their hearts) in order to conduct an intimate "Arsenio"-type interview. As you know, Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven. We decided to bake a cake for Dickless.

Through a combination of purchasing and petty shoplifting, we acquired the fixings for a devil's food cake with mashed banana centre, all topped with yellow marshmallow icing and decorated with those shiny ball-bearing candies to read DICKLESS + JIGGLE. Subtle, understated: in short, the perfect gift.

A frantic October 25 was spent in the kitchen asking each other questions like "What happens when you melt marshmallows?" "Do you think that's enough food dye?" and "Will your mom be mad at the mess?" but by 4 pm we were done and on our way to the Town Pump. There was definitely that awkward "first date" feeling in the air as we said hello and laughed nervously. Dickless suggested we do the interview over dinner. "Of course," we replied, taking this as a sign that maybe they thought we were okay. Being familiar only with pancake houses in the Greater Vancouver area, we tried talking them into some breakfast items. Daintily they declined: they didn't want to be bloated for the show. Finally we settled on

a particularly poor restaurant and went through more thorough introductions. Kerry plays guitar ('62 Gretsch body with a Hagstrom neck and a '66 Gibson Firebird) with a steel slide so it sounds more fucked up. She's an Aries. She likes purple and has an "X" tattooed on the inside of her lip. Kerry moved to Seattle from Arizona. Lisa bangs the drums. She's a Leo, also likes purple and hails from Texas. Another Texas filly, Jennie plays bass with two E strings and two A strings "which means I only concentrate on the top one, on the first few dots. I don't use the "F" word." She's a Sagittarius and, once again, favours purple. She has two beluga whales tattooed on her shoulder and a Paul Stanley rose on her arm. Megan is the new singer and Sub Pop receptionist. She has really big tattoos on her arms. By far Megan is punk rock.

We gossiped, laughed and cried. We found out Dickless are vegetarians; an audience even threw hot dogs at them once. We discovered Megan writes and illustrates children's books. But best of all, we learned that all members of Dickless are single. We decided to present Dickless with our culinary masterpiece. Mikey ran and got it from the car and with Jiggle flair presented it to the girls. Understandably they were amazed and delighted. Jeez, what was it they said? Something like "You guys are so cool." Yeah, that was it.

We took Dickless on a lovely tour of our fine Downtown core: the historical Steam Clock, various Canadiana novelty stores featuring wall-to-wall Cowichan sweaters, the posh Expo convention centre with its indoor waterfall and groovy resident lounge pianist. As we wandered, we got the scoop on Dickless' extensive rider. Being true rock stars, they demand clean underwear "any colour we want," blue eyeshadow, Final Net, Tampax, condoms and "anything we want at the Town Pump...any pinball machines or boys we like." Could that be the Jiggle boys? Just maybe. We continued on to the KISS museum at Collector's RPM; they really wanted to see it. We just looked in the window; not too impressive. Finally, we cruised fashionable Robson Street, stopping at a stylish cafe for coffee. Dickless gave us some fashion tips. "We like boys with short hair...shoulder length is okay. And baseball hats on backwards." Our Dream Date was going swimmingly.

Back at the Town Pump, Dickless relieved their pre-show jitters with some disco dancing. They discussed their set. "Stretching it we could run 30 minutes," confided Megan. But Ed Banger, the evening's swell promoter wanted 45 minutes. Giggles, giggle. At last, Dickless got up and played. They were goddess-like. Sputtering and spewing feedback, sludge and sheer heaviness, they outrooked,



The interview after the gig

outgrew and generally enjoyed themselves more than any band we've ever seen. But some of the crowd just couldn't grasp the sheer punk rockness of it all. One fellow even shouted "You suck!" Mikey and Gav took him out back and beat the shit out of him.

After the gig, we hung out, relaxing with the gals. Interestingly, two girls from Victoria's CFUV were waiting to interview the band; we, being the official escorts, naturally participated. For reference, the young ladies from Victoria are referred to as Girl 1 and Girl 2.

G1: Like, I didn't even know you guys were playing. Like, do you guys have a demo?

G2: So what do you have out?

DICKLESS: We have vinyl.

G1: That doesn't mean that we have it though! Like, what have you got?

D: We have a single on Sub Pop: "Saddle Tramp/I'm A Man"

G1: I was amazed, like, I love all Sub Pop stuff and you guys sound very Sub Pop-ish. Like, you move very Sub Pop-ish, like your hair is amazing and all that.

G2: Everyone in your band is very cool.

G1: Next time you consider touring, come to Victoria; you'll get an amazing turnout. Like, I don't know, you would get a so much bigger turnout in Victoria. Like, alternative, um, has a lot more of a following in Victoria. If you say you're on Sub Pop you've like got it made. Like, it's weird, Vancouver is more alienated than Victoria. Like, Victoria is more support...support whatever you can.

G2: Cut the ferry fare and come to Victoria!

[Megan tries to discuss their song on the C/Z "Toriyaki Asthma Volume III 7" but...]

G2: So, how long have you guys, like, been together?

D: Kerry's been in since the beginning, about a year and a half. The lineup's changed a bit.

G1: You sound really good for that, like if you want to, like, hear my opinion. I don't know how much value it's going to have.

G2: Like, what do you want people to know about you. I mean, you are an all female band...I mean I don't consider myself a feminist, I'm more into equal...equality sort of rights thing.

G1: Like, my article is only going to be, like, 200 words, so say whatever you want now, for sure it'll go into it.

D: We always get questioned about being an all girl band, that's obvious. But I don't think that's the right way to categorize people.

G2: No doubt about it!

D: It's like saying "All guy bands do this"...It's like asking why every member of a band is black or white.

G1: You guys are all from Seattle? You're all American, aren't you?

D: Yeah!

G1: Like, do you have anything that you want to say? Like, past, present or future. I can ask you questions, right, but, like, I'd rather that you, like, said, like, whatever, right.

G2: Do you have any favorite childhood authors? No, seriously!

G1: Personally, I can say that I'm not a feminist, I'm more...equal thing. But, like when I see a feminist band, I'm like, "Right On," okay, like, "Good!"

G2: Actually, I find you guys quite L-7 influenced. Am I wrong?

D: Wrong! It's a totally different concept...We're more influenced by a band like TAD, Nirvana...Youth Brigade. We're on a crusade to find the Stern Brothers.

G2: You strike me like you're just out there to have fun, and that's something I can really identify with.

D: The only person who originally knew how to do anything was Lisa, the drummer. She's rad!

G1: Next time you come you should, like, play the Commodore. If you, like, played with the people you played with tonight [The Swallows & Elvis Love Child] you'd um, sell it out for sure! The first band, I mean they were good...

JIGGLE: They sucked.

G1: No! Like, the singer, um, had a really good voice...She had a good voice! And their drummer was good!

J: The drummer had such a cute butt! Did you notice?

G1: He was sitting down, how would we notice? We're not talking about the drummer's ass, okay?

J: We just kept staring at his butt as he walked off stage.

G1: Okay, well shut up! All I have to say is the drummer was good and the vocals were good, like, FUCK OFF!

G2: Hee hee hee!

D: [grabbing microphone] We love you boys the best! This girl's really dumb!

At this point the interview dissolved. Our Dream Date was coming to an end. We packed the girls into their van, pledged our undying love and devotion and off they drove into the sunset. Thank you, Dickless!



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SUBTEXT

SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW



BY JUDITH LAHTI

subtext focuses on the fringe elements of print. Writing which is aimed at those of us with an eye out for the unusual, absurd, shocking and poetic. Perhaps a best-seller, uh, probably not. Maybe written thirty years ago, maybe last month. Different each time. Oh yeah, music stuff too.

Psycho IV: The Beginning will soon hit the screens of movie houses all across the land. This latest installment in the life of America's favorite bathtub terrorist is sure to do well; the film gives us the roots of Norman Bates, describing his adolescence and relationship with "Mother."

People will journey to the box office to discover all the twisted/perverse things Norman's mom must have done to leave the guy so strung out. I understand she was a very "loving" mother as well. Ughh. I'm just as much a voyeur as the next, but please, what could we learn from this? We already know the outcome.

Pamala Karol is a poet. Pamala hasn't a thing in common with the character Norman Bates. Okay, one thing: her mother was also the type of mom who put the D in Dysfunctional. Her childhood was brutal, with beatings both mental and physical. At age 17 she left home: "I'd been plotting my escape since age 5."

Perhaps Norman had also dreamed of an escape from a childhood gone wrong. The obvious difference here is that Mr. Bates isn't real while Pamala Karol is a very real, honest and captivating woman whose exciting poetry takes us through the neighbourhoods of her youth.

Five years ago Pamala, using her nom de plume La Loca, began to write poetry. The name translates to "the crazy bitch" (an expansion, and was the parting sling



from an ex-lover. Yeah? Well sticks 'n stones baby: La Loca is now the hottest poet out of Hollywood, her hometown.

Though autobiographical, La Loca's writing is never soppy, overtly hostile or cruel. She accepts that people can be weak and rather than attacking character flaws, she points them out, clearly, for all to see.

Images of youth abound: television cartoons, bra stuffing, the pink turtleneck that's faded with time, hamburger-stand loathers, the discovery of what's "hot" and what's "cold." Then we have the other side: longing for the one you can't have, beatings—"stop crying, I'm not going to stop till you stop crying"—and calls to the universe demanding "Where's mine?"

La Loca's collection of poetry *Adventures on the Isle of Adolescence* was published by City Lights books last fall. The 18 poems are part of the pocket poet series from the famed bookstore—La Loca's #46 of the collection. Her book is now into its third printing, quite an accomplishment for a new poet. An animated film based on the title poem is due out soon.

Pamala first read in Vancouver at La Quena. She was well received. She was much less of a success in December of '86

when yahoos at an anti-censorship reading booed her off stage during "Why I Chose Black Men for My Lovers." Most recently La Loca read mesmerizingly at R2B2 Books; don't miss her next time she's in town.

La Loca's epic is "The Mayan," a homage to the local theatre she grew up near, poor and white in a Chicano suburb of L.A. Mexican girlfriends, school chums, boys and pre-teen allusions to sex abound. We also witness parental beatings and paranoia during the Watts riots.

Mine

was a second storey two-bedroom pre-fab sparkling flocked salt-and-pepper wall-to-wall tissue paper 18 unit construct painted pink with a pool and a fat landlady in a housecoat and zoris who only rented to white people and everybody in all 18 was married with kids except for Frederika in number 5

who couldn't have any and all day long they had the doors open and through the screens you could hear the TV's howling for their mates and by nightfall the sores and the cops and "I'll kill you, bitch!" and in front were dandelions fenced off with poodle shit and string and a deciduous "For Rent" sign and in tawny script above the entry gate: The Alcatraz Arms.

Mine was a generation whose mothers had done daring things like had inter-faith marriages.

Mine was the burlesque with no red light to tell meter readers that this was a house on stilts.

The last ringing words of "The Mayan" are, "although I've had to serve in many prisons I'm free beneath the world in love." So is La Loca.

MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH: HIGH PERFORMANCE

Issue 51 of *High Performance*, subtitled "A Quarterly Magazine for the New Arts," is hot-hot-hot. I'll admit it was the cover photo which grabbed my attention in the first place: the still from the film *Silence-Death* showing artist David Wojanowicz with very realistic makeup depicting his lips sewn shut with needle and thread is gory. The story inside tells about one Reverend Wildman who sent out nearly 200,000 pamphlets to le-

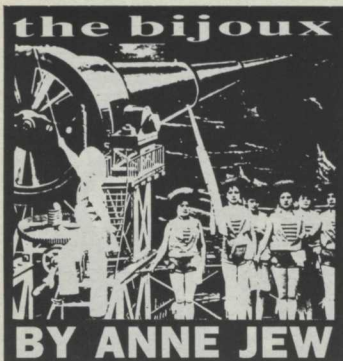
gions of people to discredit a showing of the artist's works which ran at the U of Illinois last year. The Reverend was taken to court by the artist, we learn, and ultimately had to send a court-approved correction of the pamphlet to each organization and individual who had received one. Okay, that's one for our side.

Also in this issue there's a new piece by Karen Finley. "The Black Sheep" was commissioned by Creative Time and the bronze

casting of the poem was unveiled on May 1 at a public park on First Avenue in New York City. This poem is possibly the most eloquent ever written about the Black Sheep of the family who in quest of themselves have come to know others' disgust for no reason other than being themselves. A memorial to "Black Sheep": everywhere, HIV positive and not, straight or gay, a memorial to individuals. Stunning.

High Performance also has

features on Hannah Wilke (photographer), an expose on what the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) is plotting, and an anti-apartheid play, *Ainamail*, on tour in Japan. Also in this single page reviews of performance events happening all across the States, and loads of critiques of the art scene, you can almost justify the cover price of \$7.95 Canadian. Don't expect to find this mag at your local 7/11. Try Octopus books, etc.



Joe Sarakan is a Vancouver videomaker who has been involved with artists-run video in for the past eight years. He currently sits on the board of directors and deals with management, administration, education, programming, and equipment management.

Two of his videos, *Holy Joe* (1987) and *III* (1989), are held in the National Gallery's video collection in Ottawa. Other works include *Rise and Fall of an Empire* (1986) and the video/slide installation *Master-Beauty & Beast* (1988) which toured the Netherlands. And, having primarily a videomaker, he has also done performance art and sculptural installations.

How did you start out at the Video Inn?

It was at the height of the advent of home video recording devices. I've always been involved with arts and I've always made art. And I was always interested in being a technician, but I wasn't sure what kind of technician. So I ended up going to the Institute of Communication Arts.

I was learning television theory and I was thinking "Don't wear stripes on video." Then Paul Wong came in and did a lecture at ICA and I was quite impressed with the work because it talked in complete openness of what we were learning. Me being a shy person, I walked right up to Paul and said, "Boy, I'd like to work with you." So he invited me to the Video Inn one day and this was when it was on Powell Street... it was really disgusting and cockroach ridden. I ended up working with Paul and at the same time getting involved with the Video Inn doing graphic design and production and that's that and ever since then I've been there.

Why did you choose to focus on video rather than film or any other visual art form?

It's interesting working in video because people always think it's in a stepping stone to make film. I have a great appreciation for film and I studied film; I love being involved in the dialogue and criticism of film and I love watching it. But I don't have the technical qualifica-

tions nor have I ever spirited my work towards learning that kind of stuff. I'm more appreciative of other people making film.

A lot of filmmakers use the place that way because of the obvious, it's a cheaper medium in terms of cost as opposed to film stock and editing. I like the immediacy of video, the things that you can do to it that you can't do to film, the ability to pump it into everybody's living room.

Do you foresee videos being pumped into everybody's living room?

No. It's been something that's been in the air for a long time. There was cable (broadcasting in the early eighties on public TV or on community TV that came, that went. There's a lot of talk now of Canada designing a Channel 4 to take after the English Channel 4. It's really gotten nowhere. The problem lies in the availability of the work or the education of the broadcasters.

What kind of education do you want to see take place?

General education of video as an art. Through broadcast, through theatres that don't comply to censorship.

The thing with Canadian video in particular is it relies on a context to understand the work. A lot of times work in Canada is on a thematic basis.

It's like *III* right. You can watch that tape and just go "huh?" But when you look at it in the form of my work, it's an important stepping stone within the work in terms of what I'm doing. It's like a series of paintings.

Video is very accessible economically, but viewing video isn't very accessible to the general public. Well, everybody is a video artist now. Everybody's got a camera. Everybody's a videomaker. The thing with media art is the ability to a) manipulate it as fast as you can on a professional level, and b) distribute the work. So if you don't have those vehicles and if that's not, again, an educated mind that an audience which is pretty closed, it's a fairly

small audience. It doesn't move into broadcast quickly because it's not being tailored towards being broadcastable.

The dialogue in using the medium is the anti-dialogue of television. It's the opposite of television. It's working with where television sets up its boundaries and turning around and kicking the shit out of it. And making it work in different ways and making people look at that and understand it in different directions. So it's the ability to have the licence and to have the dialogue to create the discourse for the work.

Do you want a wider audience?
Audience is something I never really considered. When I find very odd because I make a video kind of work. We're a very small minority of videomakers. It is such a new medium and it is such a new technology that people would tend to brush it off. There's a jealousy because all I have to do is push buttons. I don't have to get paint all over me or whatever.

You mean a jealousy from other visual artists?
Yeah. And there's a jealousy in general from communists communities within the art community. I run into people all the time that say, "Oh, you're just a video artist." I hate that term "video artist."

A majority of video works have to do with sexuality, lesbianism and homosexuality. Is it easier to express yourself through video rather than through mainstream film which seems to have no validated place for homosexuals, non-whites, etc?

Not a majority of video has to do with sexuality. You're probably looking at a lot of work that was done five to three years back. That was a period that was a cultural hot potato with sexuality and representation. Right now the current hot potato is race and representation and how that's being dealt with.

You're right that homosexuals and lesbians are negatively represented in any form in media. Even though there's the do-gooders that think they're doing good. It's the same thing with the race issue. There's the liberals that think they're paving the way. When I made *Holy Joe* it was digressive in a way of ways because I pigeonholed myself into all of a sudden being a gay video producer which I had absolutely no need for. My sexuality is one thing and my work is another thing and they don't really cross over.

Why?
I'm not really dealing with gay sexuality. I'm not even really dealing with sexuality. I'm dealing with items. *Holy Joe* came out of an immediate response for a lot of legisla-

tion that was going down federally which really ribbed me. C-54, the censorship bylaws—again we were swinging to the Right, and the Fundamentalism and stuff was rearing its ugly little head again. The only reason I used gay imagery and ideas was it was a complete opposite vehicle to express the idea of being quite about that kind of law and order.

In all my works there's always been the desire to investigate the heterosexual male dominance and the rise to feminist ideology and the death of the idea of the 16-man. I'm working on a project right now that I've been working on for almost two years called *Based*. It looks at the whole demise of the male strength and masculinity and the desire and need to play that role in

make because it was about the North American punk movement, particularly the Vancouver scene. I'd lost faith in it years and years ago. Anarchy is for young kids to dream about. You might as well throw Utopia in there too and we'll just have a fun time. The definition of anarchy is something way beyond our grasp. It's asking everything to stop and basically revert and that will never happen.

But it was interesting in terms of the process of bringing that whole project together which dealt with going into the street and handpicking haidos. The tape is about the whole facade of that ideology and what it's come down to. I did the punk thing and I was disillusioned by the whole crap. And it was really nagging me that there were still these

The motorcycle thing was my sort of romantic media twist. It was designed after the "good life" Pepsi ad. The twist was there was this cool hunky guy racing along on a motorcycle and what pops in on the back of the motorcycle is but another guy. And it's that whole male bonding imagery that can be read twofold. It can be read as a homo image or it can be read as a hetero image. It depends on where you're coming from and the way you think.

The drunken woman on the chair lounge was fashioned after the series *Dallas*. The white, rich bitch and the mowing down of the minorities because right after that follows the scene with the Asian people working in the field. The dialogue there was "My Daddy made his millions off of using cotton pickin' niggers."

Why was *III* in French?

I produced it in Quebec through a French centre. It's a very complex piece. I was on a residency with a Videographie (in Montreal). I still don't quite understand it, although I realize more and more that it's a very important part of my video works. It talks about the dialogue that I've always tried to talk about in terms of dealing with the whole male machismo and dominance and the whole social being of a male.

The piece starts off with three different guys (a race car driver, a boxer and a fencer). This is why it's called "three" or it's called *I*, I because it's about a show off, about me, me, me. It also has I with three different geographical groups. It starts out in the country, then it moves into the suburbs and then it moves into the urban setting. And also with three different mentalities.

They're speaking French, but they have words superimposed, like "POWER" and "PRECISION," in English.

The piece isn't meant for an only English or French audience. I'm not even quite sure why I used English text over top. I think the power of the words when translated were disatisfying to me. And why not use English over French? This is a bilingual country or it apparently pretends to be.

You could say it wasn't 'very far' of me in some sense because here questions were being answered in French yet I was going on beyond them in the next layer and presenting these English words. I guess it does represent a factor of the society in which I come from in those terms.

Master-Beauty & Beast which is now called Master Plan was a video/slide installation that was shown in Holland.

It was a visual feast of those kinds of corporate, iconish, established burgeois images that were just overfed with these two tubulars that I used as the most masculine kind of image of the day that was at that point the media type of the day. And with the atomic icon that swirls around it, it's just this whole pool of male ideologies struggling. As usual.

society. I'm not a bleeding heart feminist, but there are two genders on this earth and it's an obvious one is the smartest one. It certainly isn't males. The whole feeding of the idea of a boys' club is something that is very slowly losing momentum. With my work I hope to nurture that loss.

Canadian video art seems to have an outstanding reputation. Why do you think that is?

Probably due to the high profile of distribution and a lot of support in funding in getting videos out to festivals. A lot of video work is made in Canada. There actually is a good infrastructure that is set up to fund that kind of activity. And being in a "free" climate there are a lot of tools [for] communications and expressions. There is a lot of good stuff out there and a lot of it warrants being recognized. Then again there's a whole truck load of crap, which is about three quarters of it.

Where does the funding come from?

For individual artists it mainly comes from the Media Arts Section at Canada Council. Also from BC Film and Video which just started.

Let's move on to *Rise and Fall of an Empire*.

That tape was very interesting to

make because it was about the North American punk movement, particularly the Vancouver scene. I'd lost faith in it years and years ago. Anarchy is for young kids to dream about. You might as well throw Utopia in there too and we'll just have a fun time. The definition of anarchy is something way beyond our grasp. It's asking everything to stop and basically revert and that will never happen.

The majority of the videotape was them not speaking, just images of their hairdos.

It was just their imagery. They do have nothing to say other than the ABC's of "Oh, there's an atomic bomb out there and nuclear warfare." "Who fuckin' cares man" was the attitude of every one of them that I interviewed. That statement was well made by the very early eighties. Half of them right now are faced with getting a job and all the things that they said they never do.

Holy Joe is very reminiscent of Scorpio Rising by Kenneth Anger. Is he a big influence on your work?
Yes, he's somebody I really admire. I was first exposed to his work in the early eighties. I really like his style, his aesthetic, the issues he deals with, and his investigation into blatant suggestions of homosexuality.

In *Holy Joe* there are staged scenes of a man riding a motorcycle and a woman lying on a chaise longue drunk and spilling a glass of wine. What were those images meant to convey?



REAL LIVE ACTION

KRX/Boys and Girls' Clubs of Seattle Halloween Costume Ball Presented by Miller Lite

The Sweet/Village People/The Squirrels Union Station

Saturday 27 October

With a belly full of Ivar's lukewarm-to-the-point-of-salmonella clam chowder and absolutely no costumes save for our trusty toques and colourful Canadian dollars, we made our way to Union Station in Pioneer Square (think Pigeon Park) to catch the ultimate '70s triple bill. We were prepared for a fun evening of pre-pubescent memories; what we got was Frat Night at 86 Street.

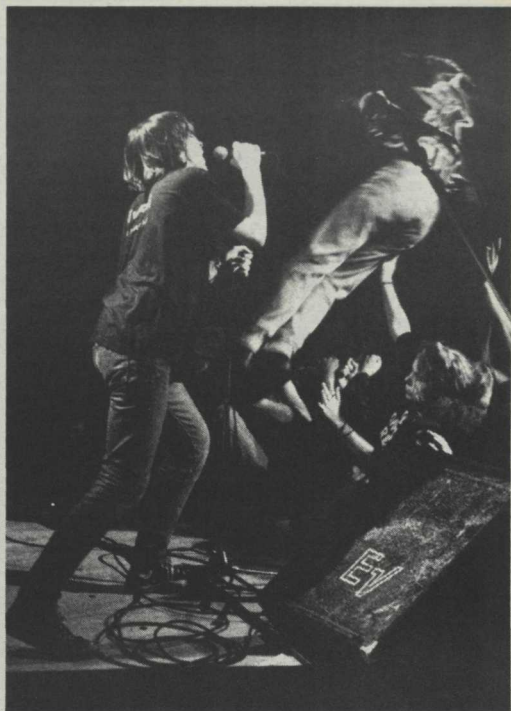
The old train terminal was decorated with streamers, glow in the dark Miller Lite buttons and the tombstones of local celebs (Ivar again!). Costumes were wild and colourful. Aside from an abundance of cave men and women, there was Mr. Airplane Man who used a fire extinguisher to propel himself (his wings bore the message: "Iraqi Nightmare"), a lovely metallic Mr. Fish who spoke out of a hole suspiciously close to his waste portal, and a seven-footall Angus Young who felt he had to be in character all night air-guitaring with his giant guitar. Our award for most American costume went to the couple dressed as East Asian peasants complete with buck teeth

and glued-shut eyes.

But to the music. Despite the horrible echo, the Squirrels Live Unit pumped out their usual tight set of bastardized '70s and '80s covers including "Radar Love" and "Lean on Me." Rob Morgan, despite being sans his Wienie Water, was in fine form, but the crowd was restless in anticipation of Those Men.

All the years on the Chippendales circuit have paid off for the People 'cause they were in awfully good shape: Tans, too! The only notable appearance change from fifteen years ago was Philippe "The Indian" sheaddress, which has disappeared in favour of a multi-coloured mohawk. With their assorted bulges, chorus line choreography and saucy comments such as, "Trick or treat, sweet tits!", they whipped the crowd into a highspeed disco frenzy. In true *Solid Gold* fashion, the driving beats were provided by a tape which too included a prerecorded MC introducing the group and beckoning them back for an encore. All the big hits from "Macho Man" to "YMCA" were performed with gusto and you can bet everyone was doing the actions too, except for a couple dressed as a pile of leaves and a bowl of mouldy yoghurt: during the whole set they fingered the performers and stuck their fingers down their throats. Needless to say, we stayed clear of these two freaks.

When all that dancing we relaxed by picking up some drinks from the terribly over-priced bar and listening to Seattlites discuss their gun collections. When would The Sweet be on, we wondered. We caught a glimpse of some fat old men reclining behind a partially closed door, drinking Miller Lites and trying to tie up their leathers and vests. Could it be...? Nah, just some goofs dressed up like Spinal Tap. But forty-five minutes later, these very same goofs took the stage as The Sweet. As it turns out, only the drummer and guitar player are original members. The singer looked like Axl Rose's father complete with glitter headband wrapped round his very ample forehead topped with long, over-processed locks; the other musicians were apparently culled from Glass Tiger rejects. The Sweet, once the best band in the world for rollerskating to, blundered through their greatest hits "Sweet F.A.," "Fox on the Run," "Set Me Free" and oh so many more. Long, off-key guitar solos provided time for the drummer to "run" off stage and into the dressing room for a break. When he was on the stand, he continuously screamed, "More floor tom! More floor tom!" at the sound man while the singer pumped his fists in the air out of time with the music. Long, floor tom-less drum solos provided time for the singer to "run" off stage and into the dressing room for a break, only to return strangely full of shrill energy, chomping his enormous wad of gum even faster. The crowd dwindled. By the time we had moved around to the front of the stage, the drummer had succeeded in having the floor toms



MUDHONEY: LUDYA SCHYMANSKY

turned up so loud that no actual music was audible. The crowd dwindled.

As the band neared the end of their set, the pile of leaves and bowl of yoghurt square danced drunkenly around the nearly empty floor. Muttering "Thank you, Seattle," and "...fiffuckin' awright" to the crowd, The Sweet left the stage, having suspiciously avoided playing "Ballroom Blitz." We left, leaving the band begging for an encore from, among others, the pile of leaves, who had just finished dropping his yoghurt-girlfriend on a broken beer bottle. "Ballroom Blitz" or no "Ballroom Blitz," it had become too depressing. Inez Velasco

Tankhogg Record Release Party

Commodore Ballroom Tuesday 30 October All in all, a strange, disjointed evening. The Commodore remained half-empty, giving the show a low energy feel. And while the beginning and the end of the "party" was fine, the middle part left something to be desired.

The Evaporators, headed by Nardwar the Human Serviette, put on a rousing set. Mr. Nardwar himself all over the place, maniacally dancing up a storm;

the band kept up with energy to spare. Unfortunately, hardly anyone had arrived yet; the Evaps should've been on right before Tankhogg.

After a barrage of horrendous heavy metal videos, She, an all-female quartet, performed a clean, clear-sounding set. They were kinda rocky, kinda funky, with a powerful-though lead singer but they didn't do much for me.

You'd think that a group comprised of a couple of ex-DOA members, a Scrambler, Chris Houston and Art Bergman would be something special. Wrong. Chris Houston's Evil Twang was anything but evil. The music was boring rock stuff; egos emanated in waves from the stage. Art Bergman was obviously loaded. I was not impressed.

Finally, Tankhogg hit the stage with their aggressive, thrashy music. They were impressive: singer Bruce was a human dynamo with a powerhouse voice and the band matched him slam for slam on songs from the new cassette/CD release *House of Beauty*, including a kickass version of that old Partridge Family hit "I Woke Up In Love This Morning." People actually did wake up and some even started hopping around. Unfortunately,

Tankhogg and the Evaporators were the only excitement in a very long evening. June

Forbidden Dimension Cruel Elephant Saturday 3 November

If you've heard Color Me Psycho, you essentially know what Calgary's Forbidden Dimension sounds like (minus the organ sounds). Unfortunately, they didn't live up to my high expectations. Every other time I've seen them, they managed to churn out a high energy set with plenty of punk rock noise, but this night—despite all the right elements—they just didn't get it together. It was disappointing to have to accept mere adequacy when I've seen them really slay and burn. Freddy Barbahaus-Farmbottle

WHOA DAD, IT'S

MUDHONEY! Mudhoney/Beat Happening/Smugglers/Evaporators SUB Ballroom

Saturday 10 November

Mudhoney and Co. played to a sold out audience at the latest Nardwar the Human Serviette all-ages hoe-down. The crowd was enthusiastic, perhaps a little TOO enthusiastic, or should I just say



BRUCE KANE OF TANKHOGG: LEO WHISTLER

immature?

Nonetheless, WHOA DAD, IT'S MUDHONEY! went over well. Of the three acts worthy of mention, the talented Evaporators were, as usual, the most amusing. Beat Happening, contrary to what the name suggests, definitely wasn't. Who are these guys anyway and what's Mudhoney paid for letting B.I.I. repeatedly open for them? What line did they use? "We're all dying of lung cancer, please let us fulfill our life-long dream to tour as a rock and roll band?" Listen honey, take my advice, don't add to the agony: sell your instruments and take a nice long vacation in L.A.

Of course, last but not least, Mudhoney. They were good; it's unfortunate certain bouncing children put their hormonal problems on display with such ardor. By the end of the evening, the band was being held hostage on a small back portion of the stage by obnoxious and/or sexually repressed stage divers. It was easy to understand why their music and enthusiasm dimmed as the set progressed. Caroline Longford

NoMeansNo/Jello Biafra Commodore Ballroom Sunday 11 November

The posters said Censorship, Legal Harassment, NoMeansNo and Jello Biafra in big letters with lots of little stuff written in between. The blue-haired quipster behind me asked his friend where Legal Harassment were from. If YOU'RE wondering too, and how

sporting a pathetic goose.

NoMeansNo revved up and rocked out a blistering set of some rarely-played songs, including "Small Parts Isolated and Destroyed," marred only by repeated stage diving, even after the Band requested an end to it. At a NoMeansNo show, you just become too entranced to watch out for flying jack boots. After about an hour and a half of music, good ole Murray from the Dayglo got up and was surprisingly articulate regarding the outcome of the court case. He and NoMeansNo then rocked out a Dayglo anthem that I couldn't recognize 'cause of all the glue I used to sniff.

Unfortunately, the band's exit was Jello's cue to retake the stage in a pitiful, sniveling reading of that goddamn "Why I'm Glad The Space Shuttle Blew Up." He and NoMeansNo debuted some of the new stuff they've been collaborating on, and hey, one of the songs was about the fucking space shuttle!

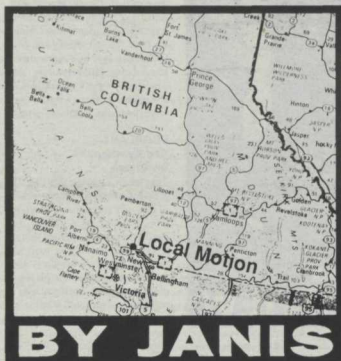
NoMeansNo, alone, are always an amped out experience. As for the other stuff, well, if Farley Mowat was blacklisted by the U.S., why can't we blacklist Jello? Bruno

**Pieces of Lisa/Eggplant/
Red X-it
Town Pump
Tuesday 13 November**
A funky gig occurred at the Town Pump, and you probably missed it. Unfortunately not many people

Pieces of Lisa (gotta love the ring to that name although some women's groups have boycotted them stating that they don't support dismemberment) are another up-and-coming group. The three member band plays high-energy, funk-thrash with vocals reminiscent of the B-52's guy (great voice range, man). Most of the material played tonight was their debut album, *The Great Idaho Potato Famine*. These guys know how to groove: the drummer broke sticks; the bass player ran around the bar with his wireless. Vancouver were their last stop before going back home to San Francisco, but nevertheless they kept it coming fast and loud—with a few more people a slam would have been started.

Finally, Red X-It, is a brand new local band; this was only their second gig together. They were pretty mellow, fitting somewhere between Eggplant and Pieces of Lisa, but held their own against the more experienced bands. The lead singer had a John Cougar Mellencamp-type voice and I was told the drummer had an awesome drum kit which he used well. I liked these guys and hopefully they'll be playing more gigs around town soon. Check them out. Angie Finley

**Steel Pole Bath Tub/
Godbullies/Octatracker
Cruel Elephant
Wednesday 14 November**
Octatracker are localboys playing post-hardcore, post-industrial



Welcome once again to the original and genuine Local Motion! The big news this month, of course, is the break-up of the once-mighty Scramblers, who turned as far away as the Soviet Union but somehow (through no fault of their own) never managed to get their album (recorded at least two years ago) released. It will come as no surprise to hear that at least one new band, with guitarist Jon Williams and Ziggy Sigmond, is already rising from the ashes. Now it's just a matter of waiting (some more)...

In contrast, Tankglo kicked off their massive North American tour with a record release party at the Commodore late in October. *House of Beauty* is a first for local label Zulu Records, being a CD and cassette release (no vinyl!), as well as the first Zulu offering of any kind in some years. For the sake of local music and its fans, I hope this won't be the last. May will be back in Profile Studios again in December to record six or more songs, once again with John Wright (of NoMeansNo) as producer. Their recently recorded, impassioned version of "Callows Fall" (the traditional folk song made famous by Led Zepplin) is currently on CTR's playlist as well as CJIV's Vancouver sampler cassette, *Cord-Band Lineation*, which is being distributed to campus stations across Canada.

One unfortunate note: for a long time

bands have had problems getting credit for all the tickets turned in at their showcase performances. (Let's face it, it's pretty difficult to really prove how many come in.) But things may be getting worse—I've heard about at least one club's management changing its mind regarding a (in this case so-called) guarantee. In one instance two bands were told that since they didn't have a written contract, they were not going to be paid what they had been promised, although the amount was quite standard and the bands had played at this particular club before—with the exact same agreements—without having any problems. What can a musician do? Well, a written contract is the ideal, but not always practical. The simplest thing, as always, is to find out from other bands just which clubs are trying to get away with this sort of thing and avoid them at all costs. (There are places, like the Railway Club, where misunderstandings about payment are, as far as I know, absolutely unheard of.) And it never hurts to have lots of witnesses to verbal agreements if a written one isn't possible. Then at least you'll have a chance in small claims court!

Sound Butchers—"Passing Glory." What you might expect to be the most promising feature of this tape, *The Hills Are Alive With Th...*, is the cover of Minsu's "Bye Bye

Mon Cowboy." Unfortunately though, with out the Minsu visuals this song is just too long and repetitive. "Passing Glory" is quite a different song, with the drums going fast but the vocals somehow both lazy and too loud. The guitars are a sick distant blur... in fact it's the poor production that really makes the tape suffer. Recorded at Side Track Studios, this sounds like a four, or possibly eight-track, and seems to be mixed so as to maximize the vocals' ability to irritate. The cassette cover is already very good, now a remix would help the tape itself.

Za Za and the Angels—"Dr. Nightmare." Described as "two-ahrent and new tango," some of this very nice tape nearly sounds like sick elegant (and much more facile) beat. But I think it's just those darn Angels—sometimes their's simply too much of them and too little of Za Za here. A voice whose cover you can imagine sinking around like Marlene Dietrich, a voice unfortunately frequently inaudible under saxophone, trombone, and accordion. Ah, it becomes so hard to hear the words, but I trust Za Za and friends will bless us with another recording, with louder vocals, sometime really soon. With an insert riddled with spelling mistakes, but never mind, it's a nice looking all the same.

From Beyond—"Numbskull." My first impression is that this band has a real sense of humor. At least they have to hope so—the sound is so-f-l, the solos make you almost feel along the forehead with the guitar (note by note), and there are these amusing timing changes. What this actually sounds like is Drums Along the Garden or Curious George (the original lemur, of course) in a particularly fun-loving mood, colliding with the Jesus and May Chain and their continuous feedback harmonies. Charming and a good time, especially their cover of the marshall Monkees' "Steppin' Stone."

The Valentines—"China Doll." This, I think, an earlier tape from the same foursome reviewed in this column in October under the name Rocket 88. And "China Doll" gives us a quieter side of the guys who gave us "Every Good Girl (Needs a Bad Boy)" and "Gimme Some Action," at least for a while. The introduction, with just vocals and acoustic guitar, is just long enough to make you think the whole song will sound this way, and then the whole band kicks in, and underneath it all (but especially in the vocals) you can still hear that faraway hint of evil rockabilly, reminiscent of Tankglo, The Scramblers, and the almost unknown but incredible Primitives.



come they didn't play, take a closer look at the poster 'cause it was referring to the legal harassment and censorship of Fringe Records and the Dayglo Abortions' record. Cresting on the high note of judicial victory, this benefit started off with Chris Houston. Luckily I woke up to hear Shovelhead cranking out short fast ultra technical metal, core, funk whatever; the only problem was after a while it sounded like YES 90125 played really fast.

Jello Biafra got up and did his paranoid, rhetorical and reactionary spoken rants, the same crap he's been saying for 5 years and several albums. The geek however is desperately trying to look ultra-bohemian these days by

have heard about the three bands that played, but I'm sure they'll be recognized in the future. All new to Vancouver and very hyped about getting exposure here.

Eggplant, from Orange County, California, opened. A unique sense of humor on stage and in their songs makes their California, beach-bum style all the more interesting.

Funky guitar and great vocal combined with a strong rhythmic section to create a fresh and energetic sound. Not an easy achievement. Despite low attendance, one piece of Eggplant commented that playing this gig to thirty or forty people was much more exciting than their last show where only ten or fifteen people came.

Steel Pole Bath Tub are just as intense live as their recordings suggest. They really fucked up noise core with intense rhythms subtly lying beneath the surface of that feedback-laden, effect-box, guitar-house nightmare. Powerful stuff. "Christina," from latest LP *Lurch*, was the definite highlight of the evening, closely followed by a cover of "Paranoid" that smoked harder than Sabbath could ever imagine. Way loud, even with earplugs in. Bruno

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CHAINSAW KITTENS

Violent Religion Mammoth

I listened to the Chainsaw Kittens' *Violent Religion* because the album cover looked interesting, which as we all know is the wrong basis for judgement. Well, okay, I've learnt my lesson. Far-out album cover does NOT mean far-out album.

Violent Religion isn't hopelessly bad but it never reaches any pinnacles of greatness, either. The singer, Tyson Meade, has an impressive vocal range; at times he sounds like Morrissey, but a little heavier on the whining. The guitar riffs are repetitive and true to the Sex Pistols' hard-edged tradition—for better or for worse. Unfortunately, the vocals and the guitar seem to be in competition. The vocals lose, disappearing among the "chainsaw" guitar riffs.

On the other hand, the lyrics are intriguing albeit hard to hear. For the most part, they are abstract and thought-provoking, with the notable exception of the title cut which rants on about the tired old theme of religion and what a bad thing it is.

Tyson Meade did the far-out painting on the album jackets. Maybe next time he'll put some of that artistic talent toward a better Chainsaw Kittens' album. **Mindy Abramovitz**

THE CHARLATANS

Some Friendly PolyGram/Situation 2

The Charlatans chose an appropriate title for their debut LP, *Some Friendly* is a record that wants the listener to like it. The rhythms and sound structures envelop the ears. The quirky, infectious beats stay in the mind long after listening to them.

Tim Burgess' wispy vocals and the sound of the Hammond organ provide a very good mix: strong but not overbearing. While there has been a bit of a backlash against the so-called "60s sound," the Charlatans have taken a new approach by refining the

harshness yet keeping the power and drive. Very fresh and different. With such a fine beginning, I'll be waiting to see how the Charlatans carry on. **Greg Garlick**

CORDELIA'S DAD

Cordeila's Dad Rough Trade/Okra

What a bizarre name. I have no idea what it refers to, but I'm not essentially on a whim; to my surprise I discovered a really engaging catchy folk/rock album. All the songs are traditional (except for one) and presumably they come from American folk roots, but the only song I recognized is "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?" Their use of electric guitars may cause uptight folk purists to snort in disgust, but I'd recommend this album to anyone who likes their folk music played with a little more energy. Good music in finding this by the way, I had to special order a copy. **Tom Milne**

THE CURE

Mixed Up WEA/Elektra

Yep, the Cure have issued a dance remix album. By happy coincidence, the *New Musical Express*

I picked up featured a Robert Smith interview about *Mixed Up*. His reasoning for doing the previously untapped dance bingle? "...because people wanted old 12" mixes and have been having to pay so much money for them... and that they're awful. Really dull."

This is anything but "really dull," in fact this could really upset some people. The Cure are renowned for their gloom and doominess, and this, in fact, does say, up beat, "Pictures of You" is given a reggae beat, "In between Days" has a kinetic, housey beat and both "The Walk" and "A Forest" were done as the master tapes were lost.

On the whole, the remixes work quite well; it's interesting to see the results of screwing around with something people held sacrosanct. As to this whole dance remix thing, we have the last word from Mr. Smith who says he's not worried about being left behind by the dance bandwagon "because there'll always be another to throw ourselves under the wheels of." **June**

EGGPLANT

Sad Astrology Dr. Dream

Eggplant's latest release is a very lively sounding album—kind of like '50s surf music. Despite this innocuous jingle-y sound, the band have some interesting things to say. They deal with almost all the Big Issues of the Day—the environment, sexual role-playing, money and love—but if you aren't paying attention you'll miss them.

But back to the music. I don't mean to say that Eggplant is the musical equivalent to Wonder Bread. Far from it. Their melodies are simple, but they work. And while the vocal harmonising a la Beach Boys and the campy upbeat percussion and guitar do conjure up images of spandex-clad guys and gals frolicking on the beach, they avoid the complacent brain-deadness of the era they emulate.

The band compensates for any blandness inherent in their chosen musical style with original ideas behind their lyrics. In one song, "The Wild Ones (Cycle on the Lawn)," they take that whole rebel-on-a-motorcycle-picking-up-the-suburban-prude scenario and rework it as the baker's woman and the taffeta-theated prude date in a man. Take that, Frankie and Annette.

Much like the vegetable, Eggplant is not especially appealing in theory, but if you try it, you just might like it. It's sort of a thinking person's food and band. **Mindy Abramovitz**

Dreamy tunes, man. Interesting thing to note: they are from somewhere on the West Coast. Maybe that's why they have such a dreamy sound. **Chack**

GALAXIE 500

This Is Our Music Rough Trade

This album is a bit more polished than its predecessor *On Fire*, but retains that original tension of a band who've happened along some great tunes and decide to learn how to play their instruments while recording them. Sublime simplicity. "4th of July" is the most upbeat thing they've done so far, but it's still not that Galaxie feeling of floating over a really shitty part of town.

At their worst: The Velvet Underground too stoned and stupid to make up a real song. At their best: Ian Curtis and Hank Williams jamming together in heaven or hell or wherever they are. **Danny Bejar**

THE GLOVE

Blue Sunshine Rough Trade

Blue Sunshine was first released

in 1983. A collaboration of Steve Severin, John Densmore and the Band's Robert Smith of the Cure, the album has been re-released in England and now released here in North America for the first time, blue vinyl and all.

The Glove recombines the sounds of both bands (which of course was formerly mainly the same band) to create music that is unmistakably linked to its origins. However, dimensions are reached on this album that cannot be found in either of the other bands.

Landray, a singer reminiscent of both bands (and of Coteau Twins, sings most of the songs, but on two, Smith's young and immature voice whines out, a reminder that this album was done almost eight years ago.

The lyrics for most of the songs seem like straws of consciousness at times, and the album as a whole does not really hold together as a complete package; you can tell this is only a collaboration and not really a band. However, the music is packed with intriguing melodies, contrasting textures and a hypnotic spacey feel. It is psychedelic, techno at times and on the whole worth listening to. **Angie Finley**

GABOR K. KRISTOF

Le Cri du Léopard (Made to Measure Volume 25)

STEVE SHEHAN

Arrows (Made to Measure Volume 26)

DANIEL SCHELL AND KARO

The Secret of Bwlch (Made to Measure Volume 27) Crammed Discs

The Made to Measure Series of new music, atmospheric to abstract, postcard to postmodern, a collection of artists who have or could have been commissioned as soundtracks. That's the manifesto of the Crammed Discs series that so far has included works by Fred Frith, Sandy Bimbach and Benjamin Lew, Richard Horowitz and Susan Delhim (who played a marvelous set to a nearly empty Graceland three years ago), Minimal Compact, and Arto Lindsay among others.

Gabor K. Kristof's *Le Cri du Léopard* is the soundtrack from a feature film by Bertrand Tavernier, whose claim to fame is that he is an ex-assistant to Jean-Luc Godard. Kristof is apparently the man who gave the world Nadja, collaborating with Adrian Sherwood on heralburn *Rapture in Baghdad*, but there's no dancing or drum machines on this CD. The recording consists of small, neat, conventional tunes on acoustic guitar and accordion, with splashes of keyboards here and there. Sometimes it sounds like French folk music, sometimes it's remote and slightly menacing, and at other times it veers a bit too close to new-age noodling for me.

Arrows by Steve Shehan is very different. Shehan is a half Cherokee Indian who began travelling the world at the age of twelve. He spent a lot of time in North

Africa and Asia, especially Indonesia, whilst finding time to be a bassist and percussionist to such diverse musicians as John McLaughlin and Kim Wilde. On his travels he picked up a whole bunch of extremely strange ethnic percussion instruments (Dobros, Casals, Afros, Ikemba, Gato Box...). In his Paris home studio he then spent six years recording these instruments, together with ambient recordings from Indonesian Rainforests, African Plains, Paris thunderstorms and street sounds, Cameroon Pygmy Music, Pan and Flute songs, Syrian Radio and TV antennae to create a varied rhythmic and ambient music. Vocal samples slip in and out of the mix and the tracks evoke strongly the experience of encountering different cultures. Unlike Steve Shehan's dismal *The Rhythmatist* album, Shehan's music shows an understanding and knowledge of the countries he has lived in. The only drawbacks, as far as I'm concerned, are that he does the odd dodgy "far-far-far" type tune in the background and that it's a bit to listen without looking at the rather corny song titles ("Afrocubana," "Istanbul," "Shogun").

The best of the three is *The Secret of Bwlch* by the Belgian neo-neo-classical Daniel Schell and his group Karo. As far as I can make out from the sort of confused liner notes, Bwlch (+/- 1100), was a monk who, unlike all the other monks from his age who transcribed popular tunes, remembered to transcribe the rhymos as well as the lyrics. Unfortunately, he died then independently of each other as if disconnected, and this CD is an attempt to fuse the two elements again. There's also some concept involving the wind, but I really don't know what's going on here. The music is equally confusing. The group consists of Daniel, who plays the Chapman stick, with a clarinet player, two synth players and a tabla drummer. According to the press release the groups influences include "Jungian archetypes, Raga, Italian melody, mathematics, medieval polyphonies, gestural messages and furious hammering of logs." That describes the CD pretty well too. Folk tunes over wild tabla beats, choirs, avant-garde, Chapman stick adventures, all held together with this strange *Bwlch* concept. Intelligent orchestrated music, never pretentious, except when you can almost hear the suppressed giggles, this is an original and excellent CD. **Pete Lutwyche**

LARD

LAST TEMPTATION OF REID Alternative Tentacles

A side-project of Mr. Ex-DK and various Ministry members, this time around Lard have managed to sew a full album of industrial-hardcore thrashed back with the expected nasty, biting satirical social commentary. Songs like "Forkboy" and "Drug Raid at 4AM" jump out and throttle you with full force intensity with lyrics such as: "To fight the war on

drugs? You must give up your rights. Forkboy, you'd better have more than my job," or my personal favourite "If men bleed would tampons be free?"

Unfortunately, Alternative Tentacles performs the typical corporate scam by offering a "Bonus Track" on the CD version which is a song called "I Am Your Clock" which evokes nightmarish memories of "Time to Melt." But with the album, though, you get a cool fold-out insert with extra stuff to read, and "I Am Your Clock" makes more interesting reading than listening to anyway. **Tom Milne**

LETHAL

Programmed WEA

It may have taken me until the closing credits of the album to realise, but I finally realised I had been listening to—oh no—a Christian metal band. Now, lines such as "What have we become? There are no unsaved programs/ we must refrain/clear your minds/ run to be saved" on the CD version sound a bit more than when I thought they were singing about society's dependence on technology! But I'm sure the ambiguity is not coincidental. Maybe they're attempting to promote their faith through their lyrics, but wait a second, this is a Christian metal band. Eighty percent of what's being said is incoherent anyway; so I guess this is why I hadn't noticed their religious conviction upon my first exposure to the music.

One thing is for sure, Christian metal or not, these guys can really sound like a band of rock music. Their sound is well-balanced between all instruments as well as reaching that degree of heaviness that's powerful but doesn't sound like a river full of screaming cats. Of course, any band more than that would be the singer's vocal style, who could be mistaken for Queensryche's Geoff Tate in the days before *Rage for Order*. A heavy classical music influence is also apparent and unifies the individual musicians in their delicate-yet-powerful metal delivery.

The one big downfall is their lack of versatility in the main structure of their songs. There are a lot of well-executed tempo changes which serve as great hooks, but the speed, intensity and vocal style don't vary as much as they should. Although it may fall short of "excellent," I will say it's "very good." **Braden Zrno**

BOB MOULTS

Black Sheets of Rain

This is *Workbook* with amps on 8 (rather than 5) and a poetically gothic texture to the lyrics. Bob Mould no longer writes of the bitter past with, and without, Husker Du but looks to his New Amsterdam at other, more spiritual mental anger we have come to love in his work. This is the constant that joins *Black Sheets of Rain* with *Workbook*; choosing once again to work with drummer Anton Fier and bassman Tony Malmone, also contributes to this

aural cathedral.

Black Sheets of Rain is simply another masterpiece that Grant Hart will have to try even harder to equal. Maybe taking heed of the advice in Mould's "Sacrifice/Let There Be Peace" will help: "Success is a virtue to share with the world but failure's a loss that's been learned alone..." Paul T. Brooks

NIHILISTICS Fuck the Human Race Visionary

The Nihilistics are a band that have been around since the great early '80s explosion of NYC hardcore. Their first album was an instant classic with its harsh negativity and its raw, brutal music. They saw themselves as separate from most of the hardcore scene, true social misfits who did not fit in with hardcore's many "friendly" trends. Reluctant to get gigs that dissolved into violence, they felt they were misunderstood and that true Nihilistics fans were simply those people that found themselves rejected by everyone else, people such as the disaffected, poor, or those who for whatever reason were labeled as social outcasts.

So where has this led them? Last year they released *Bad... Dirty... Hate* and due to its immediate success they have recently released *Fuck the Human Race*. Musically, *Fuck the Human Race* is more of a rehash of the same elements but things just didn't come together as well on *F.T.H.R.* It's still raw, hardcore punk with musical competency up a little from the early days, but the overall intensity seems to be lacking. Ironically, all the more I suspected they were beginning to affect on *Bad... Dirty... Hate* has become all too obvious on *F.T.H.R.* Negativity and cynicism are essential for a realistic view of the world, but the Nihilistics self-proclaimed drag of reality has become nothing more than egotistic, jerk-off, macho bullshit. They are what they supposedly hate: it's become a stupid self-fulfilling prophecy. They are so obsessed with proving that they don't give a fuck about anything that it becomes obvious that they do. I suspected that the great big fuck about one thing: the Nihilistics now want everyone else to be as impressed with them as they are with themselves. This pathetic display of self indulgence is their attempt at doing this. Tom Milne

LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY From The Secret Laboratory MCA/Island/Mingy

Perry has been cutting vinyl since the '60s, producing and/or performing essential reggae. The enigmatic upstart once again graces us with his weird wisdom, dub and riddims. Again co-produced with Adrian Sherwood, backed by the Dub Syndicate and Roots Radics, *From The Secret Laboratory* is perhaps a notch below 1987's *Time Bomb X* or *Dee Devil*, yet still a groove to be reckoned with. Perry covers all the bases here: dub, roots, dancehall, special effects and of course plenty of Perry-Vision.

No youngster, Lee Scratch doesn't rely on conservatism as most of his contemporaries tend to. He makes his enemies multinational, corruption, etc. He takes lyrical chances to expand his rap, not relying on rhyme to get the message across. Perry's voice is as distinctive as ever (there are too many winny voices fronting great lyrics these days).

From The Secret Laboratory also contains reworkings of such "Scratch" classics as George Faith's "I've Got The Groove" and The Heptones' "Party Time." Sherwood, at the controls, gives us his grab bag of special effects in a high quality reworking. Put Perry alongside and madness is the order of the day. Lee "Scratch" Perry, a man of insight? Well, I don't know. *From The Secret Laboratory* entertainment? Always—check it out! Norm Van Rassel

POISON IDEA Feel The Darkness American Leather

Why is it that with all the bands that play loud, raging, guitar-laden music, so few have hit spot as well as Poison Idea? They just seem to bring everything together in a perfect synthesis, forming a wall of intense bone crushing noise that kicks my adrenaline level up several notches. This is classic Poison Idea here, plenty of raging hardcore, a touch of heavy metal, and over which Jerry A. spits out venomous, uncompromising lyrics. I was glad to see they included "Plastic Bomb" and "Just to Get Away," classic-disco from former Poison Idea outings, but the song that really grabbed my attention was "Alan's on Fire" with its incredibly powerful riff and its angry lyrics. I think this album just edges out the *Kings of Punk* LP, making it the best album Poison Idea has ever done. Tom Milne

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. The Greatest Hits, So Far A&M/Virgin

Leave it to Johnny Lydon to put absolutely zero thought into a greatest hits package. Well, maybe not zero, considering he took some of his previous time to go back out and cut a new track. "Don't Ask Me" is a fantastically blatant pop tune to a la "Disappointed" but otherwise it pales in comparison to PIL's post-punk, angst-riddled, mid-80s discards. A lyrical assault on society's rape of the environment. "Don't Ask Me" is a tiresome rehash for a public who has heard so much of the same from others lately.

The remaining tracks are in chronological order so you can listen to PIL's progression from its gression since 1978: "Public Image," "Flowers of Romance," "This Is Not A Love Song," "Rise," "Seattle" and "Warrior" are all here. But what about "Poptones"? "Bad Life" and "Solitaire" What about "Rising" or "Amnesia" or "The Order of Death" for that matter? This intolerable ignorance makes one wonder if there is some conspiracy to turn our once Mr. Rotten into Jump-on-the-Bandwagon Johnny. What's next? A

boxed set?

He sent us flowers, we wanted chocolates instead. Paul T. Brooks

THE RUTS Peel Sessions Strange Fruit

I must agree with the liner notes written by Mr. Spencer: The Ruts were one of the best bands to emerge from the wreckage of the 1977-1978 UK punk rock scene. While the Clash had their sights on the States and the Damned and the Sex Pistols had called it a day, it was The Ruts who built into the British Top Ten with the ten-filled "Babylon's Burning," an edgy song bordering on brilliant.

Extremely tight and musically adventurous, The Ruts dabbled in reggae and dub and doing quite well, compared to say, The Malinconic Omen. Unfortunately, OD'd on heroin, and The Ruts for all purposes founded into obscurity. These songs recorded for John Peel's *BBC Radio One* show represent The Ruts at their finest. Malcolm Owens' gruff vocals, Vince Saps' nimble bass, Dave Ruffy's drum pummeling and Paul Fox's surging electric guitar still seem relevant a decade after their original broadcast. Greg Garlick

SKINNY PUPPY Too Dark Park Netwerk

The cover should clue you in that this is not the usual Skinny Puppy release; gone are the precise Steven Gilmore graphics, replaced by a colourfully grotesque painting by Jim Cummins, resplendent with toxic waste motifs.

Too Dark Park has a clarity and sense of purpose that *Rabies* lacked. *Rabies* was recorded amidst break-up rumours and influence of Jourgensen; Skinny Puppy has

definitely gotten back on track with this release.

The old maxim "Less is More" has been put to good use here. *Too Dark Park* is a lot sparser than any other Puppy effort—effects are kept to a minimum, and sampled voices are used only to illuminate Ogre's typically enigmatic lyrics. The songs have a lot to do with the environment and doing whatever possible to save it as well as breaking out of the "Corporate Stranglehold," such as on "Morpheus Laughing": "Unity Among Such a Poor Existence/in this Third World/ Resistance Should be Used/Civil Disobedience."

Standouts are the melancholic "Nature's Revenge," the very noisy and sharp sounding "Convulsion," and especially "Spasmolytic," which is a great nervous, jittery feel to it. This is certainly not *Rites* revisited. June

SLAYER Seasons in the Abyss WEA

Continuing to show their independent metal identity, Slayer have released *Seasons in the Abyss*. The music is relatively simplistic but this is the essential beauty of Slayer. There are no wildly colourful scales during guitar solos or licks; it simply wouldn't be appropriate.

Slayer rarely plays any "mid-tempo" stuff. It's either fast or slow. Their lyrics are dark and foreboding. Subject matter is intense, varying from gang violence in "Expendable Youth," to the "Temptation" of evil to songs that leave you understanding only that you like them. The music is equally dark: deep, growling dual guitars in your face percussion with the most crisp-sounding snare I've heard in a long time, and cries of desperation from vocalist Tom Araya.

Songs have been mixed to closely follow one another, shortening recovery time. This limits the exposure to the merciless onslaught of *Seasons in the Abyss* for those in an open, receptive state of mind which is demanded by the potency of this musical meat grinder. Yes folks, it's time for a new type of warning sticker. The band who develop a commitment to expel the overabundance of energy fueled by frustration don't have to take it out on that neighbourhood dog everybody hates. Slayer provides an outlet. Braden Zrno

TANKHOOG House of Beauty Zulu

Woah babee yahooooo pipooooee! What an awesome piece of metal-coated plastic-oric plastic-coated metal—this Tankhoog cedeed is! The thing Zulu has put out since a good two years, *House of Beauty* is loud even with the volume turned down. Perfect for you one-dimensional folks who like their music at only one volume.

"Tears" and "Repetition" rattle like they did in their demo form on CTR, only "Repetition" seems to have grown new and more legible lyrics (eg. "She sucked a reptile" versus what I am convinced was "She's a reptile" on the demo). Seems that there's a bit of an anti-Satanic message coming in there somewhere. But the opening riff for "Repetition" are still Slow. The thing that sticks out apart from the rest of the ear-drilling guitar-crunching knee-slammings blasters is their cover version of a song made famous by the Partridge Family. For good or for bad, "I Woke Up in Love This Morning" seems destined to be a college radio super-hit but it has all the appearances of being a throw-in at the end of the reel after a re-

cording session. Wonder whose idea it was?

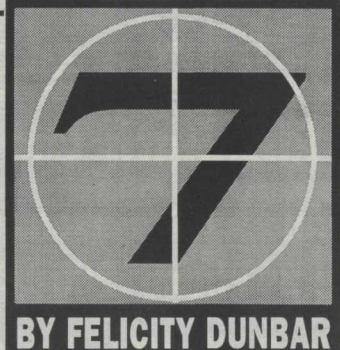
Essentially, though, you gotta have to keep this recording to what they do live: how do they stack up? Maybe it's 'cause we live in that damn video age, but yup, by closing my eyes, I can sure see Bruce the Singer-jumpin' all like a human Pop-Matic, Hamie the Giant hunkin' over his bass with his housewife hand of kinks, Guitar David and Guitar Shane killing their backs, and Terry the Drummer thapkin' his sticks. Power chords galore and loud as hell, but is that a tenor sax on "Pretty Little Suicide Girl"? Mr. Bamm Bamm

VARIOUS ARTISTS Sound Generator Spiral

Spiral Records is a new indie label from Vancouver specializing in industrial/dance music. *Sound Generator* serves as an introduction to its roster of artists. Obviously a low budget production, the album comes in a plain white sleeve with photocopied liner notes.

The bands—Emily Faryna, Drill, Lulib, Scott Swanyard and Dreamspk—help out on each others' songs. They also have some assistance from more established Vancouver industrial types such as ex-Front Line Assembly member Michael Balch and George Dimmock of Netwerk's dance division.

A wide spectrum of styles is covered, from the "poppiness" of Swanyard to the moodiness of Emily Faryna and finally to the grindings of Drill and Lulib. The most interesting piece is "Range of Motion (Trash)" by Dreamspk, an innovative mix of Native chants and electronic rhythms by Native performer Russell Wallace. Electronic music can still be fresh and stimulating! June



Do you like singles? I do too! Smell the rubber here every month!

I picked up Sludgeworld's four-song EP (Roadkill) with some anticipation because it includes former members of the great but now deceased Screaming Woe. Produced by Mr. Everything Steve Albini (so what else is he doing these days?), this is great, catchy, hard-edged pop-punk. Especially noteworthy are the songs "Some Day" and "Two Feet on the Ground." They'll have your toes tapping and your butt twitching for days on end.

I've heard of Ludwig Von 88 somewhere else before, but I can't

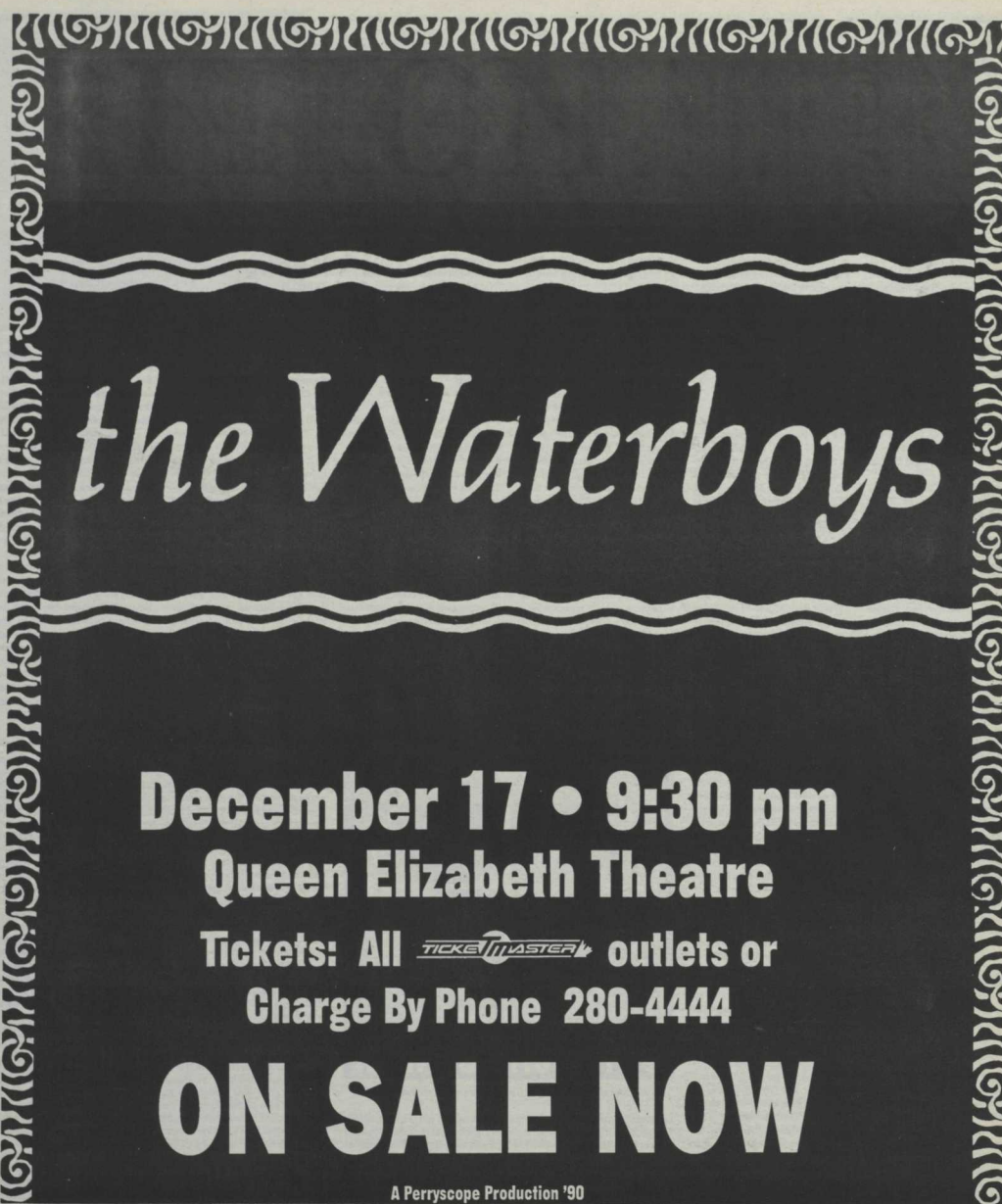
remember where. Maybe it's local band Rocket 88 I'm thinking about. Anyway, "L.S.D. for Ethiopia" (Cargo/Houlala) is supposedly their version of "We Are the World." The vocals are in French so I can't understand them but if it's supposed to be a takeoff on that benefit poo song of the mid-80s, I think the track's takeoff potential is a little bit dated, the current plight of the Sudanese notwithstanding. Still, the music's pretty good though. Raw, wiry punk guitars with pub rock's singalong style and a surprisingly strong chorus.

After their amazing debut LP *Bleach*, Mirvana have a lot of high expectations to fill. This can become a problem for a lot of bands if their follow-up efforts don't quite live up to what is expected. I think that was my problem with this single "Silver 'bw' Dive" (Sub Pop): I expected to be instantly amazed. Instead, I found my initial reaction to be one of extreme disappointment. After more listenings, though, I've changed my mind. The songs are actually quite hard grunge masterpieces, especially "Dive." I'm not sure which song's supposed to be the pop song, though.

From what I gather, most people in Calgary hate Enemy Mind Feel, but after listening to their *Half-life of 10,000 Years EP* (Raging), as far as I'm concerned, this is just another reason why everything on Raging Records is worth having. The music is bizarre and interesting in a way only total amateurs can generate. My personal favourite is the track "Mis America" which gives a concept of ugly, distorted songs a new twist: pleasant, hummable music with over-the-top, harsh, horribly distorted vocals. Now I can forgive them for the cheesy sleeve.

Although the Dwarves four-song EP (Too) includes two songs that aren't on the album but the dwarf still looks like he's fucking the bunny. I can't believe how incredibly boring these guys' attitudes are. The extent of their stupidity is matched only by how much they worship their penises. And speaking of dicks...

Being a big Dickies fan, I jumped with glee after hearing their new single "Just Say Yes" bw "Ayatollah You So" (Overground). From a 1990 demo tape, "Just Say Yes" is a little poppier and a little less frantic than their other stuff but is cool nonetheless. "Ayatollah You So," is classic Dickies. It was recorded in 1980 but was never released. Wonder why.



the Waterboys

December 17 • 9:30 pm

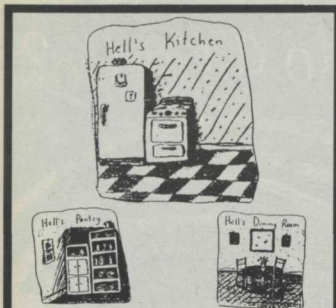
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ON SALE NOW

A Perryscope Production '90



BY VIOLA FUNK

When it comes to eating out, some folk, myself usually included, contend that it's wisest to explore new frontiers, to boldly go where no...well, you get the idea. If you're gonna splurge, it may as well be in an eatery you haven't tried before. I say "myself" usually included because the Hot Pepper Cafe shoots this reasoning to shit. Before I even tell you where it is, a warning: This place is highly addictive, especially if you have a weakness for good, cheap food served in a cool setting.

As is evinced by the merry orange-yellow-and-green script on the window (check out Mr Hot

Pepper's green beret. Cool.), the place serves soup 'n' sandwiches, plus cappuccinos and shit like that; but to me, the Hot Pepper Cafe means only one thing: Breakfast. Daily, 8:30 to 3:00 (9:30 to 3:00 on Sundays), you can sit down to the finest heaping platters o' bliss I've yet to encounter in my breakfast wanderings. Well, that is, you can sit down to them. If you manage to negotiate the labyrinthine spokes of the weird table-legs without causing tippage. "It's like, after your breakfast, if you're in the mood to sail away somewhere, you can just flip the table over and ta-da—," I observed to my com-

panions on my first visit here. (My sense of humour is even sadder before my morning coffee than otherwise.) The short 'n' sweet menu is displayed on large bright orange posters on the wall:

BREAKFAST
TWO EGGS 2.50
POTATOES 2.50
TOASTED W/ JAM

WITH BACON,
HAM OR
SAUSAGES

scrambled, they come in the bizarrist long thin folded-over almost omelette-like slabs. The so-called "potatoes"—they had an old sign that called 'em "panfries," but it's buried in the back corridor now—happen to be the best fuckin' hashbrowns on the face of the earth. Made from scratch daily on the premises, crispy, dark golden-brown crinkly little mothers with chopped onion greens liberally sprinkled in their rule. To the extent that on one of my visits, I went on a total potatoes binge and ordered the regular breakfast plus a side order of the puppies. Let me tell ya, I rolled outta there that day. But hey, the fact that even this gluttony hasn't put me off Hot Pepper hash browns shows how good they are. What else. The toast—two slices of whole wheat—always comes crispy and bearing the exact right amount of butter too. Forego the packet of jam they bring ya and mosey on up to the counter, where beside the coffee station, a barrel of cold

water, napkins, ketchup, hot sauces, and soup, you'll find, lurking down near the cash-register end, two earthenware pots of totally delicious marmalade. Snag one for your table and you're set to enter toast heaven.

The aforementioned coffee kicks butt supremely; smooth, rich, never bitter; I've yet to encounter a cup that wasn't fresh. But here's the one place where things get a bit steepish—\$.75 a cup and \$.50 for each refill. So you gotta watch your consumption. It's probably just as well.

The atmosphere in here is, after such an accomplished roster of epicurean delights, a fringe benefit. —Except for the excessive cigarette smoke, but heck, that just makes it feel all the more like a genuine, unadulterated greasy spoon. Which it is. Run to about a dozen tables, I reckon, and is generally hoppin' of a week-end morning, so bring something to stand at the door waiting for a seat. The dishes are preposessing cute folk-art-y patterns with geese and milkmaids and stuff; the coffee mugs tall and thick and brown, the kind that retain heat impressively. All of these details coalesce into an almost unimaginably delightful whole if you happen to be sitting at the table against the south window and the morning sun (well, noon is "morning" to me) breaks through the clouds and comes beaming down upon you as you eat and read the Province, out of which someone will've taken Jeani Read's

column already. The place seems to attract a big dyke clientele, which is counterbalanced by a lot of blue-collar, mack-wearing middle-aged men; and in between these two extremes the patronage runs the gamut of everyone cool, hip, disenfranchised, politically correct and im-, male and female, that you've ever seen walking along the Drive. Commercial Drive, that'd be, at William, two doors up from Joe's. Local celebrities spotted chowing down here include members of Tankhog and that old crew-cut bag woman who's always accosting you on the Drive

with unintelligible epithets. And in the women's can, the lesbian invective on the wall is tempered by forgive-and-forget altruism, "...Everybody needs love. Even those who have hurt you. Even you. *Even me.*" Hey, on a stomach full of Hot Pepper breakfast, I can take even that; I can dig it. It's cool. Plus, the place is a learning experience: if it weren't for the fact that the radio's tuned to C-151.650, I would never have found out that "Round Round We Go" by Trooper is now considered a "golden oldie." Jeez, does that date me, or what?



PHOTO: ROBYNN WATA

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Nov. 26

Nov. 27 - Dec. 1

Dec. 3

Dec. 4

Dec. 5

Dec. 6 - 8

Dec. 10 - 12

Dec. 13 - 15

Dec. 17 - 22

Dec. 24, 25, 26

Dec. 27 - 30

Dec. 31

Major Handy & the
Wolf Coughon Band
The Pontiac
Oliver & the Elements
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Junior Wells
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Johnny V.
The Muddy Fraser Band
Oliver & the Elements
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The Demons
New Year's Eve with
The Demons

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#7 ALEXANDER GASTOWN

• ~~KNOW~~ KNOW - WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

WELL, NEXT WEEK, 'OPHY' GETS DRUNK AND BEATS UP A BOWKER IN THE NAME

JUNKFEST: DARK & HOT

WELL, I SAID, NOTHING HAPPENS - THINK ABOUT LIFE FOR A MINUTE... JUST A SERIES OF LOOSE ENDS... SO NOW OUR HAPPY TRIO ARE ENGAGED IN AN EXISTENTIAL SPAT... ABOUT OWNERSHIP... AT LEAST SOME OF US ARE HAVING FUN SATIATING OUR VOYEURISTIC SPECTATOR IMPULSES... WHO CARES? BRUCE TH

OF
LIFE

JUNKFLESH! WHERE ARE YOU !!!!???

~~Drop the Bomb~~

RAD GIZMOID,
MON...

SWHERE... ZOOH...

RIGHT... A B-MOVIE BLEKKOID
DONE FAKE FUCK YOUR CAR -
WHAT DO YOU DO? SPAZ?
GAWK? WALK?
THINK FAST, THEO...

IN WHERE?

1/10/1917

THERE' WHERE!?

WAS THERE

WHAT !!?

FILE.
DON'T...
PANIC-YET

YET, YET - I'M ALREADY IN A
PANIC - FUCK! I CAN'T LEAVE
YOU ALONE FOR ANY LENGTH OF
TIME... 'DON'T FREAK' MY ASS!

WH, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'YET?

AM, JEEZ ... "MY GIRLFRIEND, THE CAR". THIS IS SO STUPID.

VERY COOL.

YO "JUNK FLESH" WANNA TAKE ME
FOR A RIDE?

SURE.

HEY!! THAT'S MY
UH... PET, OR, UH,
... Y'KNOW...

SLAM

YOU CAN'T...

YEAH... COOL...

YOU CAN'T DO THAT.
YOU FUCKY ASSHOLE, YOU
FUCKER PIECE OF
FECAL SQUIRREL
DUNG !!!!!!!

OPHELIA WALKS HOME



GRRRRRRRRRRR RIP HIS TEENY DICK OFF
 USE HIS TESTICULUM FOR A PAPE
 AND THEN TUN M'GONNA SHOW
 A RED HOT THREE IRON IN
 HIS BEAR N'TURN HIS BEAR
 INTO A SHISH KABOB N'
 HE'S MY FUKEN PICKLES
 FRIEND WANNA CLEFT
 HIS ARMPITS AND USE
 HIS LIPS FOR WALL PAPER
 NO BODY - NOBODY
 BETTER GET IN MY WAY
 LIKE THE GUY 4 JUST
 HIT. FUCK.

DECEMBER CONCERTS

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 23

CFOX Monday Night Metal Shop presents from New York, WEA recording artists **THE BEAUTIFUL** with special guests **DOGZILLA** and **THE SWALLOWS**

SATURDAY 24

ROOTS ROUNDUP with special guests Capitol recording artists **THE LESLIE SPIT TREE-O**

SUNDAY 25

Aquarius/Capitol recording artists **JERRY JERRY** AND **THE SONS OF RHYTHM ORCHESTRA**

MONDAY 26

From Calgary **BIG BANG THEORY** with special guests **IMAMU BARAKA**

TUESDAY 27

Showcase: **GROOVY G.**, **CHIEFS OF BELIEF**, **FAT AMERICANS**, **THE FOOLS**

WEDNESDAY 28

NELLIE'S ROOM with special guests **SPOONDIVY**

THURSDAY 29

Double Bill with **CLUB OF ROME** and **A DAY IN PARIS**

FRIDAY 30 -
SATURDAY DECEMBER 1

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE with special guests **SAME DIFFERENCE**

SUNDAY 2

KATHLEEN YEARWOOD

MONDAY 3 -
TUESDAY 4

Showcase Nights

WEDNESDAY 5

SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS

THURSDAY 6

NAKED LUNCH and **EMILY STOP**

FRIDAY 7

HANK BALLARD AND **THE MIDNIGHTERS**

SATURDAY 8

DOWNCHILD BLUES BAND with special guests **DEAD HEAD COOL**

SUNDAY 9

MCA recording artists **SKYWALK** with special guests

MONDAY 10 -
TUESDAY 11

Showcase Nights

WEDNESDAY 12

TBA

THURSDAY 13

DOBB AND DUMELA with special guests

FRIDAY 14

FIGGY DUFF with special guests

SATURDAY 15

BOLERO LAVA with special guests

SUNDAY 16

BARON VON FOKKER with special guests

MONDAY 17

CITR SHINDIG GRAND FINALS

TUESDAY 18

IMAMU BARAKA with special guests

WEDNESDAY 19

ATLANTIS BUS with special guests

THURSDAY 20

From the UK, **HAWKWIND** with special guests

FRIDAY 21

STATE OF MIND with special guests **REVOLVER**

SATURDAY 22

THE ODDS with special guests **REVOLVER**

SUNDAY 23

Closed until the 27th

FRIDAY 28

THE HARDROCK MINERS with special guests

SATURDAY 29

Double Bill with **GREEN HOUSE** and **CATHERINE WHEEL**

SUNDAY 30

Closed

MONDAY 31

New Year's Eve with **ART BERGMANN**

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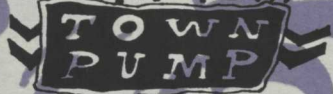


NOV. 26: **BUCKNAKEDS**,
THE SESSON, **ZAZA + THE ANGELS**.

DEC. 3: **MIND THE GAP**, **OCTRAKSTER**, "T.B.A."

★ Dec. 10: 3RD ROUND SEMI-FINALS!!

★ Dec. 17: **SHINDIG Grand FINALS!!! AT**



FIRST PRIZE

24 hours of 24-track recording time at **MUSHROOM STUDIOS**
20 hours of 24-track recording time at **FLUID STUDIOS**

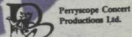
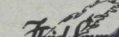
An opening spot for an out-of-town band on a bill produced by **PERRYSCOPE**

SECOND PRIZE

24 hours of 24-track recording time at **SIERRA STUDIOS**
20 hours of 16-track recording time at **BULLFROG STUDIOS**

THIRD PRIZE

24 hours of 16-track recording time at **RAD STUDIOS**
24 hours of 8-track recording time at **DEADBEAT STUDIOS**



For more information call up Robynn at CITR 228-3017 (10AM - 4PM weekdays)



DISORDER DATEBOOK

- 1 SATURDAY** DDA with GBH and *Avulsion* at the Commodore Ballroom... *Bo's Your Uncle* at the Town Pump... The Devils and *Case Huffer* at the Cruel Elephant... Bill Bourne and Alan MacLeod at the WISE Hall... *Big Chunks* at the Railway Club... Pontifax at the Yale... *Lorena McKinnell* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Vancouver Latin Connections presents the *Gran Baile da Casa* at 5538 Joyce Street... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Ghosts in the Machine* at the UBC Museum of Anthropology... *Day Without Art* (in recognition of the AIDS Crisis) at the Vancouver Art Gallery.
- 2 SUNDAY** CITR presents Michael McClure, Ray Manzarek, *Crazy Fingers* Band, TXI Whizz and Ross Barnett at the Commodore Ballroom... *Ludwig's* *ape Release* at the Cruel Elephant... *Kathleen Yearwood* at the Town Pump... *London Quire Boys* at the 86 Street Music Hall... *Hugh Fraser and Vell* at the Vancouver Community College... *Sing Out with Pete Seeger, Bob Ross, Thelma Tana, Stephen Fearing, Uzman Taliko* at the Orpheum... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 3 MONDAY** CITR presents Shindig '90 Third Round semifinals with *Mind the Gap, Octocaster* and TBA at the Railway Club... *CITR Classics Night* at the Pitt Pub... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 4 TUESDAY** *Tree Frogs* and *Elvis Love Child* at the Cruel Elephant... *The Sweaters* at the Railway Club... *CITR World Beat Night* at the Pitt Pub... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 5 WEDNESDAY** *Sarcastic Mannequins* at the Town Pump... *Bo's Your Uncle* at the Railway Club... *CITR Hot Wednesdays* at the Pitt Pub... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 6 THURSDAY** *Funkhouse at Wierdclub* with *The Crusaders* at the Cruel Elephant... *Naked Lunch* and *Emely Stop* at the Town Pump... *Bo's Your Uncle* at the Railway Club... *CITR Cool Thursdays* at the Pitt Pub... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 7 FRIDAY** *Bo's Your Uncle* at the Railway Club... *Hank Ballard* and *The Midnighters* at the Town Pump... *Spirit of the West* at the Commodore Ballroom... *Battlefield Band* at the WISE Hall... *Jim Byrnes* at Hogan's Alley... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition continues at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...
- 8 SATURDAY** *Green House* at the Cruel Elephant... *Bo's Your Uncle* at the Railway Club... *Downchild Blues Band* and *Dead Head Cool* at the Town Pump... *Jim Byrnes* at

Hogan's Alley... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Boys' Life* continues at Studio 58... *Sabine Taylor* exhibition closes at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

9 SUNDAY *Flop House* and *Bedlam Rovers* at the Cruel Elephant... *Skywalk* at the Town Pump... *Heart with Cheap Trick* at the Coliseum... *The Judith Marcuse Dance Company* at the Dance Centre... *Breaking the Code* continues at the Pitt International... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Boys' Life* closes at Studio 58... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

10 MONDAY CITR presents *Shindig '90 Third Round Semifinals* at the Railway Club... *CITR presents Jan's Addiction, The Pixies and Primus* at the PNE Forum... *CITR Classics Night* at the Pitt Pub... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

11 TUESDAY *Feathered Pens* with *Susan Cogan* at the Railway Club... *CITR World Beat Night* at the Pitt Pub... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

12 WEDNESDAY *Dirk Tapes* with *Touch'n Go's* and *Phineas Gage* at the Cruel Elephant... *Hardrock Miners* at the Railway Club... *Kenny Barron Quintet* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Billy Cowell* at Hogan's Alley... *CITR Hot Wednesdays* at the Pitt Pub... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

13 THURSDAY *Fastbacks* at the Cruel Elephant... *Hardrock Miners* at the Railway Club... *Billy Cowell* at Hogan's Alley... *Dobbs and Dumela* at the Town Pump... *CITR Cool Thursdays* at the Pitt Pub... *Festival of Lights-Hanukkah* at the Vancouver Art Gallery... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

14 FRIDAY *Fastbacks* at the Cruel Elephant... *Figgly Duff* at the Town Pump... *Shari Ulrich, Roy Forbes and Billy Henderson* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Billy Cowell* at Hogan's Alley... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

15 SATURDAY *Fastbacks* at the Cruel Elephant... *Bolero Lava* at the Town Pump... *Billy Cowell* at Hogan's Alley... *MC Hammer* at the Pacific Coliseum... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Diana Gatril* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

16 SUNDAY *Baron Von Fakier* at the Town Pump... *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

17 MONDAY CITR presents *Shindig '90 Grand Finals* at the Town Pump with *Bent, Wildflower* and *The Third Round Winner*... *CITR Classics Night* at the Pitt Pub... *Waterboys* at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... *POE* continues at Graceland... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

18 TUESDAY *Inname Baraka* at the Town Pump... *CITR World Beat Night* at the Pitt Pub... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *POE* continues at Graceland... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

19 WEDNESDAY *Atlantis Bus* at the Town Pump... *Bruce Caughlan* at Hogan's Alley... *CITR Hot Wednesdays* at the Pitt Pub... *POE* continues at Graceland... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

20 THURSDAY *Hawklard* at the Town Pump... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *CITR Cool Thursdays* at the Pitt Pub... *POE* continues at Graceland... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

21 FRIDAY *State of Mind* and *Revolver* at the Town Pump... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *POE* continues at Graceland... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

22 SATURDAY CITR presents *Skinny Puppy* and *Tankhog* at the Commodore... *The Odds and Revolver* at the Town Pump... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *The Fault* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *POE* closes at Graceland... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

23 SUNDAY *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

24 MONDAY *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

25 TUESDAY *Absolutely Nothing*

26 WEDNESDAY *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

27 THURSDAY *The Hot Shots* at Hogan's Alley... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and*

Michel Bonnefaison at the AMS Art Gallery... *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

28 FRIDAY *Hard Rock Miners* at the Town Pump... *The Hot Shots* at Hogan's Alley... *The Neville Brothers* at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... *Zappacosta* at the 86 Street Music Hall... *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

29 SATURDAY *L7* at the Cruel Elephant... *Green House* and *Catherine Wheel* at the Town Pump... *The Hot Shots* at Hogan's Alley... *Zappacosta* at the 86 Street Music Hall... *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *exhibition* by *Geoff Carter and Michel Bonnefaison* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

30 SUNDAY *First Order Beating* at the Cruel Elephant... *Robert Cray* at the Orpheum Theatre... *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Sylvia Grace Borda* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition continues at a Walk is...

31 MONDAY *The Wongs* and *Gorilla Gorilla* at the Cruel Elephant... *Sons of Freedom* at the Luv-A-Fair... *Art Bergman* at the Town Pump... *Bachman Turner Overdrive* at 86 Street... *Tragically Hip, Northern Pikes, Sun Medley, Paul Hyde, Jim Byrnes, The Continentals* and *The Champagne Orchestra* at the Vancouver Theatre and Convention Centre... *The Jeff Healey Band* and *Maslova* in the Renslow Complex at the Pacific National Exhibition... *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *First Night* at the Vancouver Gallery... *Sylvia Grace Borda* at the AMS Art Gallery... *Rose Ann Janzen* exhibition closes at a Walk is...

Arts Club Seymour	1181 Seymour
Commodore Ballroom	870 Granville
Cruel Elephant	837 Dave
86 Street Music Hall	BC Enterprise Centre
First Arts Centre	260 East Cordova
Frederic Wood Theatre	6454 Crescent Road, UBC
Graceland	1250 Richards
Hogan's Alley	730 Main
La Quena Coffee House	1113 Howe
Pacific Cinematheque	1131 Howe
Paradise Cinema	919 Granville
Pitt Pub	Basement, Student Union Building, UBC
Railway Club	670 Vancouver
Ridge Theatre	3131 Arbutus
Starlight Cinema	935 Denman
Station Street Arts Centre	930 Station
Student Union Building	6138 Bldg, UBC
Studio 58	260 East Cordova
Town Pump	66 Water
Vancouver East Cultural Centre	1895 Venables
WISE Hall	1820 Adanac
Yale	1300 Richards

BLACK ORPHEUS

*It has, my love
 To coast out off
 Dis-tain-but-eeeee!
 In wonder hills
 Is a heart so warm
 With art, fine concert
 and raw-off-eeeee! aion*

*Your hand will go
 A day well go
 Through nature's
 hallowed hall
 From freeway 1
 To country road
 To country's
 Sweet lyre call!*

*blah, blah, so
 Christmas love
 oh
 blah*

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 oder twell fiench ptaen da
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ONE-STEP-TO-POP

Fastbacks	Very, Very Powerful Motor (Pop/Rock)
Various Artists	Another World (Anti-Subway)
Young Gods	Young Gods (Wax Trax)
Squirrel	What Givers? (Pop/Rock)
Black Mould	Black Sheets of Rain (A&M/Virgin)
Hill	Call the Ambulance Before I Hurt Myself (Newkirk)
Cocoblow	Hell or Las Vegas (PolyGram/4AD)
21st Century Orchestra	Of Angels and Demons (Northwestern)
Slayer	Seasons in the Abyss (Geffen/Del American)
Afros	Kickin' Attitudes (CBS/RCA/JML)
Tanishq	House of Beauty (Zulu)
The Fall	A Sides (PolyGram/Begonia Records)
Megadeth	Rust in Peace (Capitol)
Chris & Casey	Reflection (Wax Trax)
A Split-Second	Kiss of Fury (Caroline/Antler-Subway)
Various Artists	City of Angels (MCA/Virgin)
Moev	The Early Years (CD Presents)
Run It	Purple Night (A&M/Virgin)
Thelma Houston	Bliss (BMG/Frontline)
Yousou N Dour	Set (A&M/Virgin)
Charlatans	Some Friendly (PolyGram/Creation)
Mega Neon	City of Angels (MCA/Virgin)
Various Artists	Duck and Cover (Congo/20)
MC Terror 1	The Life and Times (North Productions)
Sammy Davis Jr.	Decade Years (MCA/Decca)
Image Imago Ltd.	Greatest Hits, So Far (A&M/Virgin)
Puma	Fitz & The City (Caroline)
Vomito Negro	Human: The Sound on Nature's Back (Congo/20)
Various Artists	Smiles, Vibes & Harmony (Congo/20)
Mohairhead	Birthdays Party (Capitol/Enigma)
Koolha	Passed/Cargo (K)
Jellyfishbabies	Unkind Truth About Rome (Pathetic Records)
Piggy Duff	Weather Out the Storm (A&M)
Cap Ropes Dog	God, Guns & Gasoline (Congo/20)
Various Artists	Laches (A&M/Virgin)
LL Cool J	Mama Said Knock You Out (CBS/Def Jam)
Dyosen	First Among Equals (Congo)
Daniel Scheil & Kara	The Secret of Birch (Charmmed Disc)
Nolan Unit	Response Frequency (Anti-Subway)
Copernicus	Null (Newkirk)
Various Artists	Billboard Top Country Hits '94 (Rhino)
Soul Asylum	And the Horse Rode on (A&M/Twin Tone)
Saccharine	And the Horse Rode on (A&M/Twin Tone)
Meat Beat Manifesto	Armed Audio Warfare (Congo/Wax Trax)
Judas Priest	Painkiller (CBS)
Various Artists	Billboard Top Country Hits '94 (Rhino)
Cate & Anna McGarrigle	Country Capriccio (Capitol)
Various Artists - Soundtrack	Roadkill (Demmo/Rampant Music)
Inspiral Carpets	Life (A&M/Virgin)
An Emotional Fish	An Emotional Fish (WEA/East West)
Lucas	Divine (Charmmed Disc)
Skippy Puppy	Too Dark Park (Network)
Gabor G. Kristof	The Cri de Lazard (Charmmed Disc)
Fennor	Phantom Cries (A&M/Charmmed)
Steve Shehan	Answers (Charmmed Disc)
Darshan	Synchrone (Capitol)
Swallow	Sourpuss (Sub Pop)
The Men They Couldn't Hang	The Domino Club (BMG/Silverstone)
Don Cherry	Multitask (A&M)
Galeone 500	This Is Our Music (Rough Trade)
King Swamp	Wiseblood (A&M/Virgin)
Tannah Weavers	Cullen Boy (Festival/Green Union)
Various Artists	Best of the Girl Groups (Rhino)
Love Dolls	Love One Another (Buy Our)
Chrome	Allen Soundtracks - 1977 release (Touch & Go)
Chrome	Half Machine Lip Moves - 1979 release (Touch & Go)
Annihilator	Never, Neverland (MCA/Roadrunner)
Gregory Isaacs	Adrenaline (MCA/Synco)
Charles Mingus	The Chess Box (MCA/Chester)
Various Artists	Heartbreaker (Rhino International)
Kathryn Telles	Charles Mingus with Orchestra (Gondwanaland)
Polson Idea	Just in the Heat of the Time (Concord)
Laughing Hyenas	Common Ground (Black Crow)
Various Artists	Feel the Darkness (American Leather)
Civilised Society	Life of Crime (Touch & Go)
Various Artists	The Third Mind (Thin)
Civilised Society	Release (Thin)
Various Artists	You Were Warned (Tron/Monic Ears)
Holly Near	Selections from Rubalaty (WEA/Elektra)
Luffery	Singer in the Storm (A&M/Charmmed)
Vomit Launch	Alien in Gelf (Net & Wasted)
Simon Thomaire & Ian Carr	Mr. Speech (Mad Rover)
Soda Head	Hoatli (Black Crow)
Soda Head	What a Predicament (Meantime)
Daddy Hate Box	Sugar Plow (New Noise)
Screaming Trees	Something About Today (CBS/Epic)
The Dwarves	Blood Guts & Pussy (Sub Pop)
Vanilla (Festival)	Vanilla (Festival)
Cris Williamson	Prairie Fire (Olive)
Arno	Soca Dance Party (MCA/Jaland)
Various Artists	The Red Crow (Festival/Green Line)
Andy Wilkinson	The Eggs (Stanton Park)
Various Artists	Texas When Texas Was Free (A&M)
Three Headcoats	Where's Stanton Park (Stanton Park)
Benifer Nori	Heavens to Murgatroyd (Sub Pop)
Gregory Isaacs	Viva Bertelga (Congo/New Noise)
	Heartbreaker (Rhino International)



CHARTS

Not for anger and despair, but for peace and a kind of home - suicide note of Lewis Hill, founder of KPFA Berkeley, 1957

The Supreme Angels	Supreme (Kashboro)
The Swan Silvertones	Love Lifted Me (Specialty)
Marian Williams	Born to Sing the Gospel (Spiritless)
Mohalia Jackson	Greatest Hits (non-Columbia)
Al Green	He Is the Light (A&M)
Mohalia Jackson	Newspost 1954 (Columbia)
Clara Ward	Gospel Concert with the Ward Singers (Roulette)
The Soul Sisters	With Sam Cooke (Specialty)
Montford Jubilation Gospel Choir	Self-titled (Justin Time)
Gospelers of N. Preston, N.J.	Free At Last (Specialty)

Compiled by Dave Langille and Mark Harris

Part	"The Devil Made Me Do It" 12 (Tommy Boy)
Big Daddy Kane	"Cause I Can Be Right" 12 (WEA/Raptrix)
Too Short	"The Ghetto" 12 (BMG/Jive)
LL Cool J	Mama Said Knock You Out (CBS/Def Jam)
N.W.A.	"100 Miles and Runnin'" 12 (Corgo/Ruffless)
Condemn	"In the Ghetto" 12 (MCA)
Eric B and Rakim	"Back to Reality" (A&M)
Intelligent Hoodlum	"Poca Pontage" 12 (Tommy Boy)
De La Soul	Stompin' in the 90's (Ruffless/Priority)
Yo-Yo	

Compiled by B2 Jam and Rhythm Sniper J

Skippy Puppy	Too Dark Park (Network)
Clock DVA	Buried Dreams (Congo/Wax Trax)
Capricorn	Sound Frequency (Anti-Subway)
Noise Unit	Response Frequency (Anti-Subway)
Front Line Assembly	"Provision" 12 (Third Mind)
Cap Ropes Dog	God, Guns & Gasoline (Congo/KK)
Lead into Gold	Age of Reason (Congo/Wax Trax)
Cassandra Complex	Finland (Congo/Wax Trax)
Meat Beat Manifesto	Armed Audio Warfare (Congo/Wax Trax)
Various Artists	Another World (Anti-Subway)

Compiled by June Scudeler

Moev	The Early Years (CD Presents)
Fastbacks	Very, Very Powerful Motor (Pop/Rock)
The Logic Conspiracy	"I Hate" (demo cassette)
Capricorn	What Givers? (Pop/Rock)
The Picasso Set	"Betrayed by Rita Hayworth" (demo cassette)
Public Image Ltd.	The Greatest Hits, So Far (A&M/Virgin)
John's Addiction	Ritual De Lo Habitual (WEA)
Waterbury	Room to Room (MCA)
Les Rita Mitsouko	Room to Room (MCA)
Sammy Davis Jr.	Decade Years (MCA/Decca)

Compiled by Jerome Pingle

Jazz Butcher	"Mr. Odd" (PolyGram)
Soul Hunters	"I Am Your Party Chemist" (Contempo)
Tanishq	"Tears" (Zulu)
Poies	"Golden Blunders" (WEA/GD)
Henry Rollins	"In Praise of Black Sabbath" (Atlantic)
Cocoblow	Heaven or Las Vegas (PolyGram/4AD)
John's Addiction	"Slop" (WEA)
Anthrax	"Got the Time" (MCA)
Babes in Toyland	"Swamp Pussy" (Bludge Trade)
Sammy Davis Jr.	"The Blith of the Blues" (MCA)

Compiled by Pat Carroll and Lisa Christensen

SHORT-ROUVES

Garlic Boys	Garlic Boys 7 EP (Public Bath/Alchemy)
Beet Hopping	"Redhead Walking" 7 (Sub Pop)
Nevada	"Shiver" 7 (Sub Pop)
Hammerbox	"Kept House" 7 (After Air 7) (Big Raming Egg)
N.W.A.	"100 Miles and Runnin'" 12 (Corgo/Ruffless)
Pop Will Eat Itself	"Dance of the Mad" 12 (BMG)
Skippy Puppy	"Tommyboy" 12 (MCA/Decca)
Various Artists	Japan Bashing Volume 2 (Public Bath/Alchemy)
In the Nursery	"Sesudent" 12 (Corgo/Wax Trax)
The Demelics	"Misery Maker" 7 (Sub Pop)
Front Line Assembly	"Provision" 12 (Third Mind)
KLF	"What Time is Love" 12 (Wax Trax)
Poiesie Noie	"Toulouse" Maxi-CD (Anti-Subway)
Sisters of Mercy	"More" CD (Single-WEA)
Crimson Glory and the City Slop	"Have a Gun" Single (WEA/Elektra)
Tackhead	"Dangerous Sex" 12 (GDC)
Some Youth	"Disappearance" 12 (GDC)
Paris	"The Devil Made Me Do It" 12 (Tommy Boy)
Young Fresh Fellows	"Divorce #9" 7 (Halloween 247 7) (Pop/Rock)
Cock Assault	"Action" 12 (Technique)
Criminal Nation	"Insane" 12 (Nashville)
High Performance	"It's Just Funky" 12 (Nashville)
Ludwig Von 88	"L.S.D. for Ethiopia" 7 (Corgo/Halloween 247 7)
Shinehead	"The Real Rock" 12 (Elektra/African Love)
Kicking Back with Tarran	"Everything" 12 (Cardiac)
Buffalo Soldiers	"Penny" CD-Single (Lute/Elektra)
Beast Dragons	"Tee Free" 12 (PolyGram/Big Pop)
White Boy Worry	"Survive" 12 (Axis)
The Hummingbirds	"Tuesday" Maxi-CD (PolyGram/Routledge)
The Grifters	"Disfigured" 7 (A&M)
Cash Back	"Cash Back" 7 (Sub Pop)
Brian Eno & John Cale	"Been There Done That" CD-Single (WEA/Elektra)
Electric Fire	"Info My Brain" 7 (Dionysus)
Cathy Gillit	"Need" 12 (8 Productions)
12 Minch	"Go Back to Europe" 7 (Dionysus)
Head 10	"Corny Style Pizza" 7 (Roadkill)
Cornie Lush	"Giving Away" 12 (8 Productions)
No Emphaty	"Agrippa" 7 (Saw Off Your Homs" 7) (Roadkill)
Go Down	"One Nation" 12 (Cardiac)
Side FX	"I Can't Sleep" 12 (Nashville)
T.F.L.	"I.F. 7" EP (Nashville)
The Next School	"Profits of Industry" 12 (Chrysois)
Grass	"Freaks of the Underly" 12 (Tommy Boy)
Digital Underground	"Follow" 7 (Angry Man) 7 (Roadkill)
Sludgeworm	"Surfer in UFO" 7 (Public Bath/Alchemy)
Omicide Holobla	"Hypnotic" 7 (Public Bath/Alchemy)
The Werelogs	"It's Real" 7 (Tin the World" 7) (France)
Mica	"Shake the House" 12 (Motown)
Living Colour	"Final Solution" 7 (Sallin On" 12) (CBS/Epic)

SHORT-ROUVES

Raspberry	"Not a Love Song" (from one-track demo cassette)
Logic Conspiracy	"I Hate" (from four-track demo cassette)
The Walltons	"In the Mainline" (from demo tape cassette)
Me, Mom & Morgenhalter	"Holehouse" (from demo cassette)
Videos Back-Back	"Subway" (from demo cassette)
The Azure	"Jelstreams" (from demo cassette)
Za & the Angels	"Dr. Nightmare" (from Rare First Recordings)
Watch Children	"Kinda Retarded" (from nine-track demo cassette)
Jimmy Jam	"Shark Attack" (from Assault with a Funky Weapon)
The Picasso Set	"Betrayed by Rita Hayworth" (from demo cassette)
Mary	"Gallow's Pole" (from three-track demo cassette)
Emily Gray	"I Gotta Big Gun" (from Return of the Repressed)
The Wake	"X-Ray Visionary" (from demo cassette)
Edible Pumpkins	"Desert Wind" (from demo cassette)
Crank Dummies	"Exercising the Demons" (from Greatest Hits Demo)
Strang Spikes	"Take" (from demo cassette)
Thieves of Silence	"Time Rolls On" (from demo cassette)
El Bulle	"Freedom of Speech" (from demo cassette)
Art America	"Youself" (from Food, Fats and Fun)
Excited First Daughter	"Open Rose" (from demo cassette)
Looney Tunes	"Shimmy Gail" (from ten-track demo cassette)
Leem	"Satanic Versus Satanist" (from demo cassette)
24 Suicide	"Satanic Versus Satanist" (from demo cassette)
Common Language	"Dead White Horse" (from Common Language)
Henry Ferguson & Juba	"Bottle Cry" (from demo cassette)
Birth Defects	"One Step Away" (from demo cassette)
Robert M. Jaso	"Sunkato" (from Absolute Music)
Excited First Daughter	"The Sand Kings" (from demo cassette)
From Beyond	"Numbskull" (from demo cassette)
Dead Head Cool	"Wailing" (from three-track demo cassette)
Eightlight	"The Green Light" (from demo cassette)
Rockaway Revue	"I Could Love You" (from demo cassette)
Darling Thrushes	"Hall of Sols" (from four-track demo cassette)
Hoover Effect	"Zombie" (from 14th Wonder of the World)
Ironing Pants Defect	"Never So Good" (from demo cassette)
James Dean	"Never So Good" (from demo cassette)
New Beatles	"Centre of the Universe" (from demo cassette)
Minimalist Jug Band	"I'm a Lousy Love" (from demo cassette)
24 Suicide	"Satanic Versus Satanist" (from demo cassette)
Sound Bitches	"Morning Sky" (from four-track demo cassette)
Picture Paintings	"So It Seems" (from demo cassette)
Unwoven Steps	"Choices" (from demo cassette)
Robert M. Jaso	"Sunkato" (from Absolute Music)
Rattled Roosters	"Scyllid Cat" (from Gel Wild)
Long Nosed W. Coast Band	"Paint Tree Song" (from demo cassette)
Foreign Famed	"Thank 4 the Ride" (from one-track demo cassette)
Big As Life	"Freedom" (from one-track demo cassette)
Dogella	"Die Mauer" (from one-track demo cassette)

The Man Sherbet's Xmas Wish List

I predict that Christmas 1990 will be marginally more spiritual for a lot of us, seeing that we're all sliding down the steep, mucky economic embankment called a recession; war looms in the gulf; struggles of all kinds spot the Canadian frontier. When money becomes scarce, people give away a little more good will, conveniently banked away for hard times.

However, we mustn't get carried away. What are charge cards for anyway? And some of us are more deserving than others come Christmas.

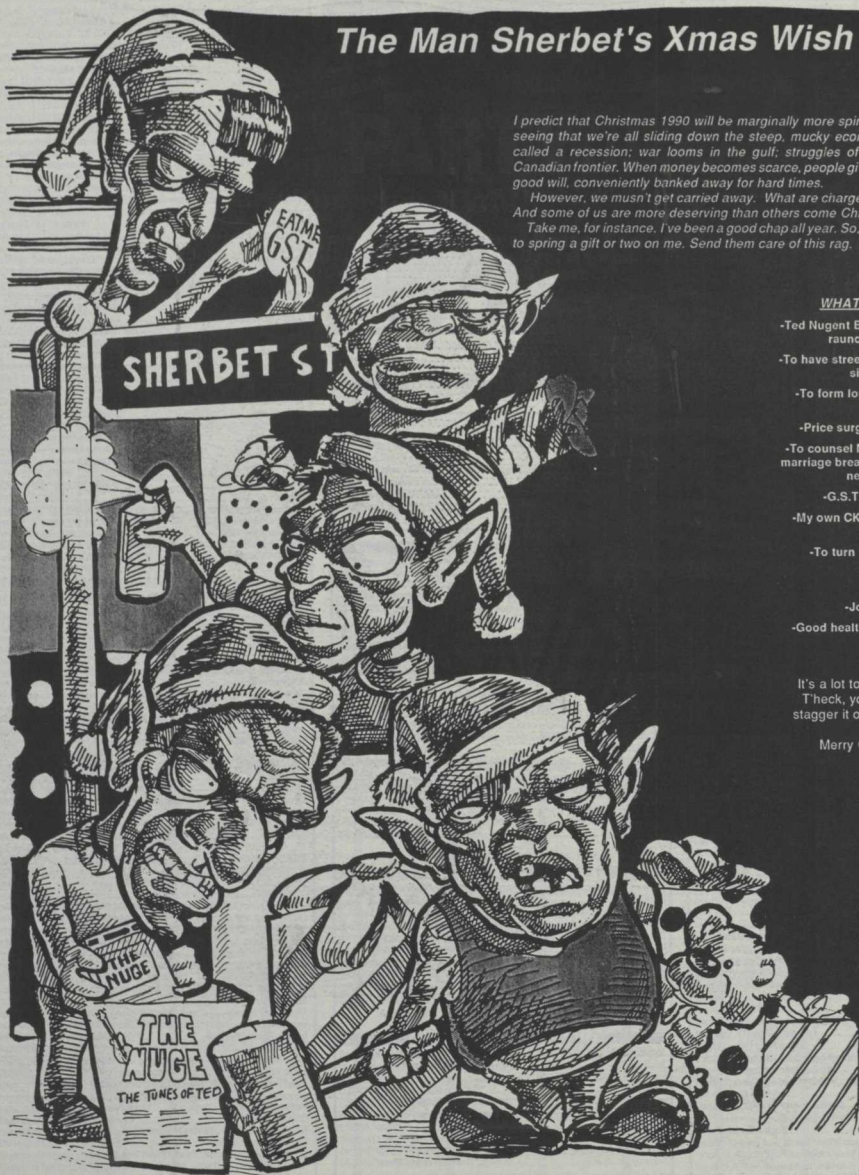
Take me, for instance. I've been a good chap all year. So, by chump, feel free to spring a gift or two on me. Send them care of this rag.

WHAT I WANT

- Ted Nugent Box Set, remastered raunch in 8-track format.
- To have street in Surrey subdivision named after me.
- To form lounge act with Harry Rankin.
- Price surge in BCRIC shares.
- To counsel Mike J. Fox through marriage break-up, move into his new West End condo.
- G.S.T. Exemption Badge.
- My own CKVU-TV show—*U and Sherb*.
- To turn BC Place into Giant Whoopee Cushion.
- Democracy.
- John Belushi sitings.
- Good health for all my friends.

It's a lot to receive, I guess. Thack, you're welcome to stagger it over a few months.

Merry Christmas. Sherb.



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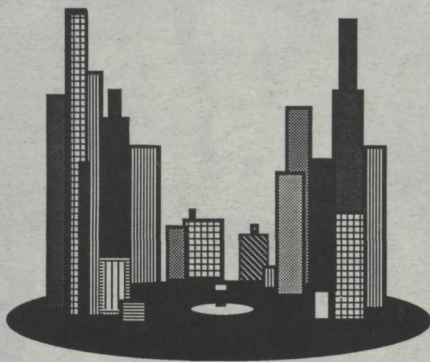
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